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1866.



T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,
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GENERAL AGENTS.

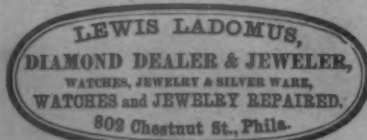
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PLATE III.



RIDING HABIT

Of black cloth, plain, with long basque. The skirt is slightly gored.



Portrait of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SUMMER FASHIONS.

Furnished by Mme. Demorest for the Home Magazine.



SUMMER TOILETS.

FIG. 1.—Walking suit for June of pale buff mohair; skirt and sacque both gored, and the seams folded over and ornamented with bands of blue silk, fastened down with "nail" gilt buttons. On each side of the front breadth the bands extend the entire length of the skirt, and the silk finishing to the breadth forms a border to the skirt and sacque. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with blue ribbon, grass, blue corn, flowers and cameos.

FIG. 2.—Toilet at home. Low dress of gray Ernani, checked with almost imperceptible self-colored silk lines; high body of black lace, trimmed square, with a black lace ruffle and plain belt. Blue bow in the front of the hair.



WALKING DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

SUMMER DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

No. 1.—Of white goat's hair, trimmed with pyramids of black silk, crossed with bands of blue braid. Three pyramids form a little polka finish to the waist and ornaments to the tops of the sleeves which are opened on the bottom.

No. 2.—The material is plain pale dust-colored cambric, trimmed with straps of bright blue cambric, stitched lengthwise upon the skirt, and alternating with bands, which extend the entire length. The skirt is scalloped upon the edge and finished with narrow bands, stitched on double upon one edge only. A little bodice waist, with a basque and bretelles, which form capes across the shoulders, is trimmed to match, and prettily sets off the low puffed white waist and short puffed white sleeves.



CHILD'S SUIT.

This suit is of pearl-gray poplin, trimmed with blue silk in diamonds, with darts of narrow black velvet, with white edges striking through them. The skirt has a bodice, and the jacket a basque at the back, which is seen in the back view.



ZUCCHI JACKET.

FRONT AND BACK VIEW.

This is handsome for a white alpaca dress; the bodice of blue or corn-colored silk, and the garniture black lace, with a heading of gold or silver cord; flat bows of the lace are placed on the shoulders and down the front of the sleeves, and also on the front of the bodice. The bodice forms a square basque at the back, which is ornamented with bows to match the front.



THE "CELESTE" PALETOT.



LITTLE GIRLS' GORED SACK.

No. 1.—This is a pretty style for a little girl of ten years, and may be made in silk and trimmed with a box-quilling of the same material; beaded with a flat galloon or gimp, worked with jet.
No. 2.—This sack is full gored, back and front, and may be made in light tweed, silk, or pique.



HATS.

No. 1.—Infant's hat of English split straw; flat brim, and trimmed with velvet and ostrich tip.

No. 2.—Silver straw hat trimmed with black velvet and finished with straw ornaments and streamers of narrow ribbon.

No. 3.—Straw, trimmed with dove-colored velvet; roll brim, with an African crossbeak feather. The style is entirely new, and intended for a very stylish lady's hat.

No. 4.—The wattleau, trimmed with straps of velvet and straw pendants.

No. 5.—Boy's Leghorn, trimmed with velvet band and eagle's feather. Very stylish.

The above styles of hats are from the establishment of J. R. Terry, 409 Broadway.



LITTLE GIRL'S TRAVELLING SUIT.



THE "BERTIE" DRESS.

No. 1.—The suit consists of a skirt, which is put on a wide band, and of a jacket cut in four points—front, back, and over the hips. The material is gray camel cloth, ornamented with lines of blue braid running lengthwise of the skirt, and passing over and under diamonds of blue braid, which are placed at intervals round the skirt. The jacket is ornamented upon the shoulders, sleeves, and points to match.

No. 2.—A full dress for a boy of four, handsomely made in dark green or brown cloth, or poplin trimmed with crimson braid, or with braid of the same color, worked with steel. The full skirt is attached by a belt to a Garibaldi body, and trimmed with pyramidal designs round the bottom. These designs are repeated, but reversed, on the shoulders and front of the skirt. The sleeves are full, and gathered into a band, which is trimmed, like the belt, with flat braid, and finished with steel buttons.

"Music selected by J. A. GETZE."

COME SING TO ME.

BALLAD.

Music by M. Hobson.

Words by J. H. Eccles.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The vocal line includes lyrics that are aligned with the notes. The score begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "I have heard sweet music stealing Round a-bout me as I lay, Like the songs of angels singing, From the bright land far a-way; And I felt such joy and glad-ness, As I lis-ten'd to each strain,". The score ends with a double bar line.

p

I have heard sweet music stealing Round a-bout me as I lay,

Like the songs of angels singing, From the bright land far a-way;

And I felt such joy and glad-ness, As I lis-ten'd to each strain,

COME SING TO ME.

11

ad lib.

Tell me, do you think they'll ev - er Come and sing to me a - gain?

colla voce.

I have heard sweet music stealing Round about me as I lay,

Like the songs of angels sing - ing, From the bright land far a - way.

I have heard sweet music stealing,
Not like that we sometimes hear,
But so full of tender feeling,
Coming forth so soft and clear;
And I lay all calm and silent
In the twilight soft and gray,
Such a mingling of sweet voices
As they came and pass'd away.
I have heard sweet music, &c.

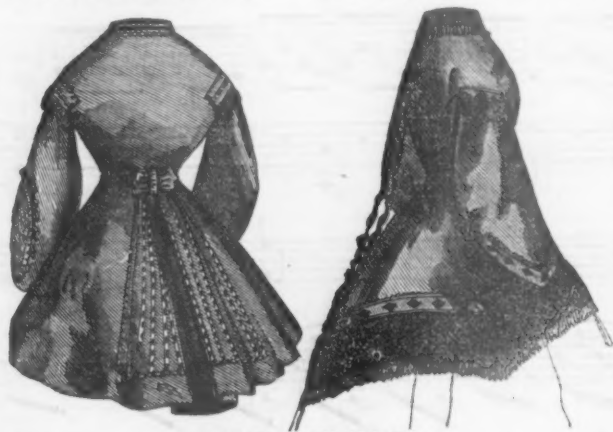
I have heard sweet music stealing
That would melt the hardest heart,
And unto the tired and weary
Would a soothing balm impart;
And I felt such joy and gladness,
As I listen'd to each strain,
Sister, do you think they'll ever
Come and sing to me again?
I have heard sweet music, &c.



SEA-SIDE MAY TOILETS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of white grenadine, trimmed with graduated bands of rose-pink ribbon, crossed diagonally with a double quilling of the grenadine, mounted upon a pink silk band and crossed at the sides, where it ascends upon the skirt so as to form a large rosette. The body is made with a basque, which is trimmed with a quilling, mounted so that the pink edge of the silk can be seen and confined by a pink belt and silver filagree buckle. The sleeves are open a little upon the arm, and trimmed to match.

FIG. 2.—Robe of rich gray gros grains, with gored skirt and basque waist, trimmed with black lace. Down each seam of the skirt there is a black lace insertion, with a line of steel running through the centre. In the centre of each breadth are ornaments of black lace, put on with a steel heading, and resembling bats' wings, the size, however, being smaller in proportion than as seen in the engraving. The body forms a double basque at the back and *revers* in front; the sleeves are trimmed to match the skirt.



SUMMER SILK CLOAKS.

No. 1.—Very rich cloak of black armure silk, tight-fitting, and trimmed with guipure lace and galloon, embroidered with jet; knotted ornaments behind of silk and jet, forming the fashionable "reins."

No. 2.—Silk paletot, open on the back, and ornamented with lace bow and sash ends, striped with a narrow rich *passementerie*; straps upon the top and ornaments upon the bottom of the sleeve are arranged to match. Both these elegant cloaks are from the popular house of C. J. Oppenheim & Bro., No. 475 Broadway.

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1866.

CHECKS AND COUNTER-CHECKS.

BY MELICENT IRWIN.

"It seems to me it is strange nobody offers to help a bit! I should think, as much as papa has done for others, now when a little lift here and there would help over the hard places, it needn't be denied him!" and Helen bit her lip to keep a tear back.

The mail had just brought in sundry letters, two "protests" among them. Helen, who had frequent care of her father's papers, knew a "protest" as soon as her eye fell upon it. She could tell, too, from her seat across the table, the respective superscriptions of his business correspondents, and when, after reading, he gathered the letters up, gazed absently at the wall-paper, and passing his hand with a gesture peculiar to himself through his silvered hair, retired to his room, Helen knew no cheering intelligence had been brought on their swift wings.

Helen was in a discouraged mood, an unusual one with her. Oft recurring wants, long bravely borne, began to strike too painfully on overstrained sympathies. Sammy had just petitioned pitifully for a new pair of boots.

"These are just as full of holes as the cullender, and Ed says they're not worth patching!" urged the little fellow, "and the day I wore those old ones of his, the boys called me 'Boots' all the time!"

A new and bitter feeling was stealing into Helen's heart. "Don't you wish our kinsman, whose sign shines so brightly 'Wholesale Boot and Shoe Dealer,' and who writes his name 'J. C. Ingalls' so handsomely on the subscription lists, would send his little nephew a fine

new pair?" and she bent over to look in the little fellow's face.

The words were well enough, but Sammy's quick intuitions caught something unpleasant behind their apparent meaning, and he turned silently away and stood with arms folded on the window-sill.

"And there's Aunt Eleanor," resumed Helen, "she always professed to think so much of Minnie. So long as she knows how things are, it is a pity she should deny herself the pleasure of meeting a school-bill occasionally, or when replenishing Conny's wardrobe of purchasing an occasional duplicate for Minnie."

The little girl caught the idea at once. "Oh, don't I wish Aunt Eleanor would send me a new cloak like the one Constance wore—and a new ribbon for my hair, a real new bright one, not like my fady ones!" and Minnie looked up with a pretty glow of excitement on her face. "I should think somebody *might* help, Helen. I never thought of it before! You know papa always helped others so much. He gave that pretty Willow Cottage away, or gave them the what do you call it, mortgage, on it—and that was just the same, Ed says. And when people owed him and couldn't pay old Roger says he always 'Gave right over.' I suppose that means told them they needn't, and now they might help him if those horrid notes bother him."

Mehitable Moore, who had cared for each of the children in their babyhood, and kinder in act than in speech, was referred to next to "mother," and allowed to have "her say" on all occasions, looked up from her sewing.

"Never look for help, one of you! You've got to fight your own battles, and mighty hard ones they look like, too. The world'll be ready enough to help you when you've got on your feet and can stand alone—and not *till* then, mind you. You've got to win inch by inch!"

Mehitable's words were expressed with the emphasis of an oracle.

"There is old Flint shows himself out, I think, talking to Ed as he did the other day," resumed she, making good the quick snap of her broken thread. "There the boy is slaving himself to death, and old Skinflint (I can't help calling him so), with his thousands, and the influence of his name, too, asked him what he was going to make of himself, as cool as if he had but to choose from any profession and suit himself. Why don't he say, 'Come and stay with me and I'll get you into Wyman's office'—he has the whole control there—I'll help you the same way your father helped me.' Oh, he's tight as the bark to a tree! Your father was the making of him, and now when he is under the weather, Flint is the greediest of them all!"

"Maybe he helps somebody else if he don't us," said Sammy; "and that keeps it going, you know," added the little fellow. He did not know exactly how to put Dr. Franklin's theory of "passing favors" into words, and so added stoutly, as if by way of exemplification, "When I'm a man I mean to do just as papa did. I'll help everybody all I can, and then there won't be so many to be bothered."

"My boys will not wait or expect to be helped, I hope," said the mother, who had disengaged herself gently from the now sleeping infant, and not quite liking the turn talk was taking, came softly among them, stopping to give Sammy a caress on the way. "My boys will prove, I hope, that self-help is the best help. The world wants to know what sort of spirit is in the claimants for its favors. They must prove themselves."

"And a very fair kind of a world in that, mother mine. I like it all the better for the faith it has in a fellow. 'Let him try it again,' it says. 'If there's the right stuff in him it won't hurt him any,'" and Ed, having come brightly in, in time to hear his mother's concluding sentences, stood with snow-flakes in the fair rings of hair he shook carelessly back as he unconsciously drew himself up in sympathy with his words.

"That's because you feel your mettle, Ed. I believe I'm tired to-day." And stopping to

turn Sammy's collar for him on the way, and say, "Sam, you're a good little boy," Helen passed out of the room on her way up stairs.

"I'm growing hard and wicked, I do believe. I'm not half so good as little Sam. I think I do naturally feel contented and kindly towards all, but some ugly check in the shape of a want or a wrong is always coming up lately to turn aside my best impulses or curb any generous humors of thought and feeling I may be blessed with." And taking up a book of Mythological Fables she was reading with and explaining to Minnie, she drew a pencil mark to indicate the next day's lesson, and threw herself, book in hand, on the comfortable chintz-covered lounge, which, could it have been endowed with utterance, might have confessed to many a tribute won for the sleepy god.

Presently Hermes stepped forth from the page that had faithfully delineated him, and stood beside her in full proportion, with winged cap and sandals.

"Poor earth child," he said, "thoroughly weary! Come forth—put aside the clay shackles, and rest yourself with me in space and light!" And free as air, like a winged thought, Helen found herself borne in very ecstasy of freedom past hamlet and city, frozen stream and glittering iceberg, to sunny climes, sparkling streams, and leafy woodland; where trees were pendant with perfumed bloom, and flowers laughed out their dainty tints amid waving grass, and birds of gorgeous hues like living blossoms flitted brightly through the air.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Helen, when she could command utterance. "I will take this all with me. I will remember when I am weary and tried what beauty and brightness God has made. I will worship Him for it, and carry the remembrance of it with me always. Surely the greatness of the Creator of such glorious works can be equaled only by His goodness. While beauty dwells so richly with the children of men—while the dear Father gives so lavishly—we can bear in our own isolated lives a little neglect, somewhat of trial. The knowledge of the goodness and power which does exist should make us patient to endure."

Poised momentarily motionless, Helen ere long perceived that they were gradually descending, and presently that they were among the haunts of busy human life. "Slowly, good Hermes, I pray you!" she at length exclaimed, for the varied crowd thrilled her strangely. She seemed to be in sympathy

with each different phase of feeling, and to comprehend springs of action and emotion as she had never done before. The counter currents bore her down spiritually, as the physical man is borne down in elemental storm. Hermes gently touched her eyes.

"Look only on those I point out to you," he said; and Helen saw before her, returning, as she intuitively knew, from a benevolent meeting of merchant princes, a gentleman sitting in an open carriage drawn by a pair of splendid bays, which were presently reined up before a handsome brown-stone front. Alighting, and entering the door bearing the plate, "J. C. Ingalls," he accosted the servant with an inquiry for Mrs. Ingalls.

"Out, yes, out, as usual!" was the wearied mental ejaculation, as with wavering step he repaired to the room which in the household vocabulary might have been designated "the family room," but which bore little of the home look in its loose appointments. An expression of pain not unmingled with bitterness sat on the finely formed mouth.

"Ah! Aline, could you not at my request spare one little hour? Cannot years of patience with even your whims win the love which I once fondly believed to be mine? Must I indeed believe that the gold, not of tried affection, but of 'filthy lucre,' so powerless to purchase me a home was that which won you an establishment—for more you accept not, my Aline!" Then with a change of manner born partly of physical pain, "May the money I signed towards the Benevolent Fund to-day do the poor wretches more good than the duplicate thousands do me—a homeless man!"

A little girl entered the room.

"Come here, love," spoke the father, "your hand will feel good on my forehead!"

"Yes, but papa, Jardin is waitin to try on my dress."

"Let the dress wait!" he would have said, but that he noted the frown on the pretty brow.

"Very well, then," he replied, adding mentally, "It is in the blood! fool that I am!" and Helen, with her quickened sensibilities, felt rather than read the hunger for affection—the craving for warm home ties, the fine domestic needs of this suffering man.

Without sense of motion, or note of the transition, surroundings changed to those of a room no less luxuriant, but permeated with the indefinable home charm. There was Sevres china on the damask covered table, and the

soft glow of pleasant light suffused every corner.

"Did you get the bill changed that I left you this morning?" inquired the bland tones of the gentleman who presided.

"Yes, my dear," and Helen recognized Aunt Eleanor's pleasant accents. "It was a ten, you remember, and the bill for the sewing was eight. When I came in I found Jane here. Her husband has been so much worse of late that she has been obliged to stay at home with him, and with the loss of Jimmy's wages they are in a truly needy condition. When sickness comes then the poor are tried indeed."

"We were speaking about the bill, I believe," observed the gentleman, placidly.

"Having the two dollars remaining, I told Jane to make it go as far as it would towards supplying immediate wants, and when I had spoken to you I would see what further could be done."

"Really, Mrs. Hazelton," answered the gentleman, courteousness in his manner, but a disagreeable tone in his voice, "how fortunate that you are not constituted steward *per se* of our wordly goods! I believe in truth there would be little left in the treasury."

"In a higher treasury it were well to have some account, Lewis," said the wife, lifting earnest eyes to his. "And I have often told you I would much prefer that you would get me plainer things and allow me a margin for relieving the wants of others, some of whom are dear to me as kindred."

"We will not discuss the matter further," said the same placid, disagreeable tones. "I have as repeatedly told you, my dear, that I should do neither the one or the other. I choose that my family shall be second to none in their circumstances, so far as the good things of life are concerned. I have also told you that it is not my policy, or wish, to encourage in their course those whom indolence, or foolhardiness has debarred from the comforts which I, by hard exertions, have won for myself. My name stands sufficiently well on the lists of public charities to which they can appeal if they desire. I am annoyed that by a donation of this kind, which will serve but as a bait, you have given encouragement to future demands."

There was a bright flush on Mrs. Hazelton's cheek, and tears of hurt feeling were resolutely crushed back from the drooping eyes. Helen remembered the unfailing wifely consideration, the chance allusions always unconsciously impressing the listener with added respect for

the man the wife in her heart so nobly strove to honor. And feeling, as in her own being, the fine and ready sympathies cramped in smallest action—the large hearted nature tried and rasped by the curbing of the ignoble one, Helen felt surges of indignant feeling rising within her. "Must a spirit so sweet and far-reaching be subjected to such limited action, such petty dictation, such tyrannical sway?"

Feeling rather than seeing the conflict between recognition of the bond "to honor," and the scorn of ignoble views and acts, which day by day went on beneath that gentle exterior, Helen was about putting these questions to her companion, when by another mysterious transition, unnoticed till effected, she found herself surrounded by folios, lawyer's briefs, and ponderous tomes, and heard the busy scratch of transcribing pens from the adjoining room.

"What do you propose to do?" inquired the man of business in private conference with Simon Flint.

"You have my instructions to foreclose at once."

"This letter from the young man stating the causes of failure to pay the interest making no difference with your plans?" supplemented the lawyer, inquiringly.

"Making no difference with my plans," assented Simon Flint, and he passed out into the street, whither accompanied him Helen and he of the winged sandals. Helen saw the picture that was in the man's mind. A wide, old farm-house and waving cultured fields; the blossomy orchard and old-fashioned well-sweep. The "Old Farthingham Place," it was called; now in the third generation of ownership.

"Yes, yes, a fine property!" muttered the man as he passed along, "a fine property! I shall have Gaines bid it off for me. Real estate will double its value there in three years." And then at that moment Helen perceived what those who perhaps knowing him best, yet not being gifted with spirit sight would scarcely have credited—an emotion of pity in Simon Flint's heart. "Sarah Farthingham's life is wrapped up in the place; there her children were born, and there her husband died; and the young man has undoubtedly worked hard," he soliloquized.

"But he could not bring matters into legal shape, and the place is *yours*, Simon Flint!" said a voice, which, though sounding as from without, yet seemed to come strangely enough

from the inner, spiritual realm of feeling. And then for the first time Helen noticed the outlines of a dwarfed, ugly figure perched on the man's shoulder and speaking in his ear. There was in the guttural laugh and familiar slap on the shoulders of the small fiend that which fascinated with creeping terror; and as Helen looked she perceived with a shudder the small monster feeding upon the soft thought of pity that had just taken form in

Simon Flint's mind, as upon a delicious morsel, tearing it, shredding it in delicate division to suit his taste, and interspersing between his horrid laughs, "You're not the man to let such a chance slip through your fingers!" and, "There are those rents in Poor Alley—you must see about them—hurry them up, hurry them up! That agent of yours isn't half fast enough!" And Helen perceived how this spirit of Greed was sapping of its nourishment every fibre of Simon Flint's higher nature, while in all noble soul-attributes the man was growing lean and impotent—a spiritual skeleton. With mingled pity and horror each step of the ascendancy of the foul spirit was perceived by Helen—the constant preying upon the better nature until the slight effort that at first might have shaken off effectually could now—so inwrought had become the spirits of the man and of his temper—be of no avail, though augmented a thousand-fold; and shocked and sick at heart, she turned to her companion, who anticipated her words.

"Poor child, this is terrible for you. You could not endure to walk through the world with spiritual sight opened. As interpreter for the gods, I have shown you, rather than told you, of some checks to accusing judgment—some checks as well, perhaps, to too great despondency under your own burdens." And again touching her eyes, the whilom gift of spirit-sight was withdrawn as suddenly as given.

"My burdens," said Helen, repeating his last words. "I had forgotten them. They seem very light now. Poor Uncle Ingalls! how could I have had a bitter thought of him—how I wish I could comfort him! And sweet dear Aunt Eleanor, to think that I wronged her in my heart, and believed her insincere and cold! And dear papa!" as a shudder crept over her at thought of Simon Flint, "I think he must have a comforting angel bending over his shoulder!"

"Tea is ready, Helen!" interrupted Mehitabel's naturally sharp tones, and at Helen's quick start the book fell to the floor, and

Hermes resumed pictorial proportions, and relapsed into passivity. A moment's glance of bewilderment around the quiet room, and the voice that replied, "Yes, Hetty, almost directly," had not the rasping tone that troubled little Sam in the afternoon, and as she entered the supper-room where Ed stood waiting her, with his hand on her chair, a feeling of deep gratefulness rested down upon her like a benediction; and the reflection stole into her heart, "How much richer we are than even Uncle Ingalls, with all his wealth—for we do love each other dearly!"

THE TWO HOMES.

BY EMILY SANBORN.

"I never go to Mrs. Prime's without coming home feeling discontented and dissatisfied with my home, and everything around me." Mrs. Gray was speaking to her nearest neighbor, a lady, to whom she had been recounting the events of the afternoon's visit.

"And why is this?" answered her friend. "Mrs. Prime has as large a family as yours, and I should think as many cares."

"Dear me! I don't know how it is, but I sometimes think that my lot is the hardest of any. My children are so noisy and rude, I can never enjoy having company, or taking them with me to visit, thus I am tied at home, year after year, until I sometimes think that I will make no endeavor to keep up my social position, or try to be like anybody else. Mrs. Prime's children, on the contrary, are always healthy and happy. They never take cold as mine do, nor tear their clothes, nor wear out their shoes. They are so different from mine, who have such high spirits that I cannot control them, and their father never takes any interest in household affairs. He is wholly absorbed in business, and neither knows nor cares for anything outside the counting-room."

"But Mr. Prime is a model husband; so pleasant and agreeable to visitors, and so thoughtful of his wife's comfort. Ah! Mrs. Prime has reason to be a happy woman, and one would hardly have thought this, when she married Simeon Prime ten years ago. But I am sure that I cannot help my troubles; I work as hard as I can, and do the best I can," and Mrs. Gray sighed heavily, as she took up an unfinished sacking and commenced to work upon it. Finding that her sociability did not increase, and not knowing what consolation to offer, her visitor soon took leave, and she

was left to the companionship of her own thoughts."

Mistaken, misguided Mrs. Gray! Can she not see that a radical change is needed in her own habits and disposition ere her home can become the abode of cheerfulness and content, like that of Mrs. Prime's? Order and discipline are terms wholly unknown in her household arrangements, where they should be the ruling principles. She has never learned that "Procrastination is the thief of time," consequently breakfast is always late, dinner never ready at the appointed hour, and husband and children must be kept waiting until long after business and school hours. Upon the Sabbath, her family invariably enter church after service has commenced, Mrs. Gray comforting herself that it is "better late than never," but the *pater familias* looking as though he felt very much ashamed. Mr. Prime's family are always present, looking as bright and happy as possible. In her daily life Mrs. Prime is active, energetic, and self-reliant. Mrs. Gray is weak, vacillating, idle and gossiping. At Mrs. Prime's table visitors are always welcome, and pleasant conversation makes the time pass agreeably. Once, a long time ago, Mr. Gray ventured to invite a friend home with him to dine, but so much noise and confusion prevailed, and his wife showed so plainly her annoyance and vexation that he did not care to repeat the experiment. Mr. Gray would have made a very domestic man had his home been pleasanter, but finding all his fondest hopes thwarted, and wearied by his wife's constant complaining, he has relapsed into a moody abstractedness, and shuns society as if it were an evil thing. Mrs. Gray often complains bitterly of her seclusion, and their unfashionable mode of living, and mourns over the days of her girlhood, when she was considered a beauty and a belle. But the brilliance and vivacity which gave a charm to her manners then, are now completely obscured by the clouds of peevishness and discontent which are continually rising.

Mrs. Prime was considered to be a very plain girl, in her youth, albeit, an energetic one, but her resolution and industry has made an Eden of her home, and beyond this she does not care to seek for pleasure. A faithful wife, an affectionate mother, a true friend, and thus, surrounded by her jewels, may life glide pleasantly onward. Sweet, sunny home! may peace, happiness, and contentment abide with you forever.

SONTAG'S FIRST DEBUT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

With his fragrant coffee on the table before him, his finely flavored pipe in his mouth, sat Holbein, manager of the Prague Theatre, yet he felt relish for neither of his favorites, and dark clouds rested upon his brow. Indeed, the position of manager is not one calculated always to color with rose tints the humor of its occupant. "A Prima Donna! A kingdom for a Prima Donna!" cried the poor, troubled man, for he had promised to procure one in place of his own who had fallen sick, and he knew not how he could keep his word. The celebrated tenor singer, Gerstäcker, who was visiting in the city, had so delighted the public with his magnificent voice and exquisite style that in spite of the heat of summer he was eagerly called for, to appear in opera. Now without some one to fill the place of the invalid soprano, this would of course be impossible. As it was expected of him to furnish the wanting element was it wonderful that the manager's Mocha had lost its flavor, and that his brow was clouded?

With a gentle rap at the door, his friend, the Kapellmeister and Opera director, Triebensee, entered, and the first sound that met his ear was the almost despairing cry:

"It is well that you are come, help me, stand by me. A kingdom for a soprano singer, were it but for one rôle!"

"First give me the kingdom, and then I will furnish the singer!" was the laughing reply. "But what is the rôle?"

"Gerstäcker has declared his willingness to sing Jean de Paris. It is said to be one of his best efforts, everything is ready for the representation, the only thing wanting is the Princess of Navarre."

"Only Donna Clara, Princess of Navarre? Why, I should say everything was wanting there," said Triebensee playfully, when looking up at the other's sorry face, he continued still cheerfully, but, consolingly too, "Hold up your head, Holbein! I will see to the wanting trifle, I will provide you with a most serene princess, I have one amongst my scholars."

"Who, oh, who is this pearl?"

"Jetterl, Sontag's pretty little daughter. She is a little star, full of wisdom and talent,"

"Who, oh, who is this pearl?"

"Jetterl, Sontag's pretty little daughter. She is a little star, full of wisdom and talent,"

full of understanding and enthusiasm. She is just studying with me the rôle of the Princess of Navarre. So then in five days—too long? Why man you are unreasonable! Well then, in three days you can give the Opera; that is, if Gerstäcker will sing with the little one, for she is young, very young indeed."

"And you think she will succeed, that she will not disgrace us?"

"She! Disgrace us? Certainly not."

"Then it is decided. Your word is enough for me. Thank God, there is a load gone from my heart!" and the happy manager sprang joyfully up, whilst the Kapellmeister took a speedy leave and hastened off to his pupil.

At the house door he was met by the silvery, bell-like tones of Henriette's voice, and the old teacher's heart glowed with pleasure at finding his favorite pupil at her studies so early in the morning, and when she was not expecting him either. Softly he opened her door, and unseen by the charming girl who sat at the piano, stood eagerly listening, smiling with satisfaction when she sang a passage over and over until she had it perfect. At last, when she had finished a phrase of the most extremely difficult "*colorit*" with astonishing skill and sureness, he could maintain his silence no longer, but heartily clapping his hands, he cried,

"You are a glorious girl, Jetterl, and in three days you shall appear as Princess in Jean de Paris."

The young girl, who had sprung quickly up and, all glowing with the praise and applause, hastened towards her teacher, now fell back in affright at this startling news, unable to speak a word, plainly showing her feeling by her expressive face and clear blue eyes.

"My dear child, keep up your courage," said Triebensee, soothingly, when he saw her standing there so pale and trembling, "do you think I would have said you could sing the Princess if I had not been sure of it? And will you not do credit to your old friend and teacher, shall he not be proud of you?"

A quiver of joy thrilled through the charming form of the young girl. The roses bloomed once more on the cheeks that had been so pale, the roses of fresh, early youth, almost

childhood, the eyes beamed with courage and enthusiasm, the whole face was illuminated as though transfigured by the pure dedication to art, and with a firm voice Henriette said—

"You have said, master, that I can do it; your word shall not be brought to shame! I shall be ready in three days to appear as the Princess of Navarre."

"God bless you, my child!"

"Do you know that Gerstäcker is going to sing Jean de Paris to-morrow?" cried one passer by to another. "I am hurrying off to get tickets, they say there is a great press about the box."

"But the first singer is sick, who is going to give the princess?"

"Little Sontag—the daughter of the actress."

"She? Why it is not long since she was playing with her doll—she was always a fine child—but she must be very young."

These and similar expressions might be heard in the streets the day before the representation and on the following evening, too, when, notwithstanding the intense heat a large audience eagerly awaited the artistic treat of seeing and hearing the distinguished guest in Jean de Paris. At last Gerstäcker appeared, and played and sang so that it was a pleasure to listen to him, and he was met by bursts of enthusiastic applause. Now and then acquaintances would remark to each other, "Poor little Henriette—poor child, how unfortunate that she should make her debut with so great an artist!"

And now the approach of the princess was announced. All eyes turned towards the door, on whose threshold there suddenly appeared one of the purest and loveliest apparitions that have ever been seen upon the stage. Two years later, when Henriette Sontag again appeared in public, a magic flower had grown out of the lovely bud, that even now combined such grace, loveliness, and maidenly dignity, that all hearts were irresistibly drawn towards the being that looked more like an angel than aught else. And when Jean, overcome by the sight of the noble donna, sings—

"Lovely is she as a flower,
Tender goodness in her eyes,
And in every feature power
Of reflecting joy there lies!"

the eyes of the assembled multitude were bent upon the young girl standing there as the embodiment of these words, and the murmur of satisfaction grew more and more perceptible.

With true womanly modesty, yet with

neither awkwardness nor timidity the princess advanced, and the first tones pealed forth from her rosy lips with a clearness, a sweet, ardent fulness that possessed the power of spreading throughout the but now so excited audience the stillness of the grave. In Henriette's great blue eyes, the mirror of her pure soul, there kindled a yet brighter light than before when the first soft bravo fell upon her ear; it had for her more value than a whole storm of applause, for it came from her teacher, the old Kapellmeister, who, enraptured not only with the purity of her intonation but with the dignity of her bearing, could no longer repress his delight. The old man had no intention, however, that his softly spoken bravo should be the signal, as it was, for a burst of the most stormy applause that has ever been bestowed upon so youthful a candidate. This universal burst of applause at first not only surprised but confused the maiden, so that for one moment her voice trembled, but she bravely conquered her emotion, and then encouraged by the recognition, the notes rang forth with yet more fulness, clearness, and freshness, until a wondrously beautiful trill, of a roundness of tone and remarkable duration—so that the Kapellmeister was forced to hold his breath in amaze—ended the exquisite aria, "With what wondrous ardor." From this moment the victory was sure, for with that aria the young novice in art had elevated herself to the rank of artiste, and the great Gerstäcker had to be content to share the triumph of the evening with a young débutante.

Henriette was received behind the scenes at the end of the first act by her delighted mother and her deeply moved teacher.

"I knew that my brave girl would not disgrace me, but I scarcely thought she would make an old teacher so proud," said the old man. "Der Daus! that was a trill! I thought it was never coming to an end, it would have terrified me had I not been so completely overwhelmed with joy. Such a little 'back-fisch,' and yet she can sing so that I must take my hat off to her. Listen, Jettler, one day you will have a rich harvest of glory and honor, and when they press the laurel wreaths upon your brow think sometimes of the old teacher, then perchance, resting in the quiet grave!"

Deeply affected, the maiden silently bore the honored hand to her lips. And now both she and Gerstäcker must again appear. In the second act the favorite Troubadour song caused great furore; Jean de Paris was obliged to repeat his part, but in the case of the princess,

once did not suffice. Da capo, and again da capo, for the third time, must Henriette sing hers; the audience grew ever warmer in their enthusiasm—and it was no forced applause, no feigned ardor, but the pure outburst of intense satisfaction, mingled in regard to Henriette Sontag with a joyful amazement that one so young could accomplish so much. Amidst a tumult of rejoicing at the artistic treat, for never had Gerstäcker been seen to such advantage, the curtain fell, and then, as was due to the guest, his name resounded first. The curtain was again raised and the artist appeared, but hesitatingly, as though something was wanting; with a hurried bow he retired, and then a cry arose mingling his name with that of Sontag. As in triumph the guest led in the now shy maiden, and a perfect jubilee of applause greeted them that was only stilled by a sign from Gerstäcker that he would speak.

Advancing to the very edge of the stage, and pointing to his companion, Gerstäcker said—

"Most honored assembly, although she has in the best, truest manner commended herself to you, yet I would commend this young girl to your consideration for times to come. Looking with prophetic eyes into the future, I say to you, that this novice in art will one day be renowned as Germany's first singer, and that wreaths of glory will be entwined about the name of Henriette Sontag!"

Thus ended the first, altogether unprepared debut of the youthful singer. That Gerstäcker's prophecy was fulfilled is known to every one in the least initiated in the history of art. Truly no singer ever met with greater, better merited triumph, no woman's name ever shone more brightly amidst the triple crown of greatest artiste, truest, most excellent wife, and most faithful mother.

Now she rests from her labors, from her rich, varied life, but the name of Henriette Sontag still lives. May it long be honored!

LOOK OUT FOR THE MOTHS.

BY J. E. M'C.

How troubled and full of regrets we are when the moths have eaten through and through a beautiful carpet, marring all the bright roses and delicate flowers. How hastily we remove it from the house—lest it should contaminate everything else—that these tiny marauders could prey upon. And yet there are great moths continually eating away at the precious web we are weaving in the loom

of life, and we think but little of their ravages. Time is this precious warp—most precious to us, for not a single moth-eaten thread can we ever replace again. Useless and even injurious, sleep is one of these moths, and many a bright flower does he rob us of.

A busy idleness when we are awake is also another great moth. Indeed, he eats out the heart of many a life fabric.

"Alas," said a dying man, "I have spent my life in laboriously doing nothing," and how many could echo his unavailing regret, if they had but the same candor.

Day-dreaming is another most persistent little moth which eats out days and hours for the young. The habit is easily acquired and rapidly grows in strength. Of all things it is most profitless, for it yields only dissatisfaction with the actual, and an unsuitness for anything useful and practical.

It was a prayer of Dr. Doddridge, "when I detect myself in unprofitable revery, let me make an instant transition from dreaming to doing." That is the surest remedy for this unprofitable employment.

All know their own peculiar temptations, the easily besetting sins, which lead them to fritter away life's golden moments, and it is their wisdom to be especially on the watch for them. Look after these destructive moths and leave no effort untried to utterly exterminate them.

AGE.

Age is such a different thing in different natures. One man seems to grow more selfish as he grows older; and in another the slow fire of time seems only to consume with fine imperceptible gradations the yet lingering selfishness in him, letting the light of the kingdom, which the Lord says is within, shine out more and more as the husk grows thin, and is ready to fall off, that the man, like the seed sown, may pierce the earth of this world, and rise into the pure air, and wind, and dew of the second life.

The face of a loving old man is like a morning moon, reflecting the yet unrisen sun of the other world, yet fading before its approaching light until when it does rise, it pales and withers away from our gaze, absorbed in the source of its own beauty.

Of all human actions, pride the most seldom obtains its end; for while it aims at honor and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision.

TINY.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

Judge Fanning took his morning paper and Clara was her baptismal name, but she was his breakfast together. A hot roll, with a sip of his favorite beverage, and a flaming leader when home upon his "furloughs," and in his alternately. But even the excellent editorials letters to her mother, always called her of his pet daily were not always to his liking. "Tiny." For his sake, her mother loved the Thus it came to pass, on a certain winter pet diminutive; so, also, did her uncle. morning, that he rose from the table in an She was a dear little girl! Think of the unusually silent, *distract* way. Stranger than brightest, merriest, blue-eyed, cherry-lipped all else, he actually forgot that the cherry lips darling you ever loved, and you will have my of "Tiny" always claimed a parting kiss. He Tiny. She walked straight to the heart of her went slowly down the steps of the old family bachelor uncle, unlocked the door, and threw mansion, but had not more than reached the away the key. street when her sweet voice reminded him of Very soon was she equipped for her walk. a neglected duty. Dear little one! Her Judge Fanning looked down upon the starry dimpled hands were outstretched, and the eyes and dainty lips, framed in by the azure pitiful curve of her red lips, and the tears on lining of her warm hood, wondering if so her long eye-lashes, stirred his bachelor heart pretty a picture gladdened the eyes of any with a feeling something akin to paternal other doting uncle in all the city. tenderness.

With a bound he was back in the hall, the little one in his arms, her pretty, grieved face pressed closely to his own.

"Uncle is a great bear, to be sure, to go off without kissing his little girl good-by. She shall take a trip to the office to atone for it. Run for the wrappings, Birdie; tell mamma to bundle you up well, for Jack Frost is around this morning."

Tiny was the little daughter of his widowed sister, Mary Dennison. Luther Dennison was one of the first to "volunteer" in the hour of his country's need. He fought for the "dear old flag," he died for it, leaving his fair young wife comfortless, in a land of strangers, many a mile from the home of her youth. Judge Fanning lost no time in mourning for the gallant captain, but wrote at once to the widowed wife and mother. His house was large; there was room enough and to spare. "Come to me. I long to look upon my sister's face, and hear the merry prattle of my sister's child. The little one will bring bloom and brightness to my lonely home."

Thanking God for the true heart of her brother, Mrs. Dennison became an inmate of his dwelling, ostensibly to minister to his necessities, really to be relieved from the pressure of want, and from every shadow of care.

The judge wrote truly that the child would bring bloom and brightness with its coming.

Clara was her baptismal name, but she was such a limited atom of humanity, her father, when home upon his "furloughs," and in his letters to her mother, always called her "Tiny." For his sake, her mother loved the pet diminutive; so, also, did her uncle.

She was a dear little girl! Think of the brightest, merriest, blue-eyed, cherry-lipped darling you ever loved, and you will have my Tiny. She walked straight to the heart of her bachelor uncle, unlocked the door, and threw away the key.

Very soon was she equipped for her walk. Judge Fanning looked down upon the starry eyes and dainty lips, framed in by the azure lining of her warm hood, wondering if so pretty a picture gladdened the eyes of any other doting uncle in all the city.

Was it chance or Providence that prompted him to take the child with him that keen, cold morning?

Although so cold, that was a pleasant walk for Tiny. Many a call was made, and the kind uncle and happy little girl were both well loaded when they reached their destination.

A cheery good-morning to Wilson, his confidential clerk, a kind order or two to Jasper, the errand boy, and the Judge passed on with Tiny into his own cosy sanctum.

The child was no stranger there. Her sunniest mornings were those in which her uncle gave her permission to accompany him to his office. She was never an annoyance. That low desk by the south window, covered with blue and gold, she claimed as her "very own," and that pretty chair, with its soft, warm cushions, its "velvet, violet lining," was it not bought expressly for her use? There she always sat, the dear little girl, just crossing the threshold of her sixth winter, never vexing him with ceaseless questions, never by word or deed betraying uneasiness during the two or three hours that her uncle usually devoted to books and papers at the other side of the room.

The Judge lifted her to her pretty chair with a smile and a caress, and then quietly proceeded to explore the mysterious depths of his capacious pockets. There were bon-bons, and curious toys, and pretty books, enough to amuse and interest a reasonable little girl for

a week, at the least. Being very reasonable, Tiny was very still and happy for a long time. She stole a glance at her uncle, occasionally, but he seemed to be wholly absorbed in business, and, as I said, Tiny never by word or deed disturbed him. Once in looking around she saw his head droop upon his books. He was weary, she said to herself, and had fallen asleep. She heard Wilson go out, and knew that it was his dinner hour. Jasper came softly in, and replenished the fire, waited a moment for orders, and receiving none, he too went out. Usually the Judge left before either of them. His long sleep troubled her. It was a strange and unusual circumstance. The stillness became oppressive.

Suddenly a great fear came over her. Once, a long time ago, a year perhaps, her uncle was very ill. She was too young to understand the cause of his illness, or the name of the disease, but she knew that every one thought he would die, and when, after weary days of suffering, he began slowly to recover, she remembered that her mamma said they must love him, and care for him better than ever before, for he had been very, very ill, and it was only in the infinite mercy of God that he had been spared to them. This remembrance caused her to slip noiselessly from her chair, and steal on tip-toe to her uncle's side. He was sitting perfectly quiet, his head bowed upon the desk before him, one hand hanging idly over the arm of his easy chair. Very carefully Tiny touched it with her warm, dimpled fingers. It was cold as the icicles she found upon the veranda that morning.

"Uncle, dear uncle," she whispered, softly, "please wake up and go home. I am afraid you are not well. We have been gone a long time, and mamma will worry."

There was no response to her affectionate pleading, so climbing upon his chair, she put her arm about his neck, and laid her sweet lips against his broad, white forehead.

Its coldness terrified her. She started back with a scream, and looked at him for a moment, but there was neither sound nor motion. Had she not seen him so once before, she would have been certain that he was dead. As it was, the terrible fear that this was the case, almost crushed the life out of her poor, loving little heart. Wilson had gone. Jasper had gone. In all the building there was no human being but these two, the good man, stricken down with something that had all the seeming of death, and the tender, great-hearted little girl, wise beyond her years. Her first swift

thought was of their family physician. Fortunately, his office was in the next block. Tiny had been there with mamma or uncle many times. She was confident that she could find it without difficulty. She went softly from the room, closing the door carefully behind her, and flew down the stairs to the street. There she encountered Jasper, the errand boy.

"Jasper," she said, resolutely, "you are to go at once to my uncle's house, and tell Kenneth to drive the family carriage here. Tell him to put in all the cushions, uncle wants them, and he is to come immediately."

Wilson would have known that something was wrong, but Jasper, easy, stupid fellow—supposed it to be an order from Judge Fanning, and hurried off accordingly.

Tiny had not stopped for cloak or hood; the air was keen, and her plump round shoulders bare. The cold wind fell sharply upon her white temples, and tangled her golden hair, as she ran down the street. Many noticed the wild, eager eyes, and pale, frightened face of the child, and turned to look at the flying figure, but, to her great joy, no one stopped or questioned her, until she reached the doctor's door. She gave the bell as vigorous a pull as her small fingers, numb with cold, would allow. Well was it for her that the doctor chanced to be passing through the hall, and answered the ring himself. Poor Tiny was breathless, and could not speak. Dr. Gray looked down upon the child with boundless astonishment, but he quickly caught her up, and hurrying her into the warmth and comfort of his pleasant study, he found voice to exclaim—

"Bless the little one! What in the name of all that is wonderful, sent her here in such a plight—so cold as it is, too!"

Tiny put up her hands with an appealing gesture, and lifted her pretty face, still white with its great terror as she burst out—

"Don't stop to talk, Dr. Gray; please don't wait to ask a question, but take me right back to uncle's office! Oh, me!" she cried, wringing her little hands, "he's all alone, and I'm afraid he's dead!"

She would have rushed out again as hurriedly as she entered, had not Dr. Gray forcibly detained her. He understood as well as if an older messenger had come, the grave nature of Judge Fanning's sudden illness. It was but the work of a moment to gather up medicines, and wrappings for the little girl, take her in his strong arms—she was a little thing, you

know—and hasten away to Judge Fanning's office.

Jasper had not returned. Wilson wrote quietly in the outer room, as usual. He looked up with a smile and a bow, but said nothing. It was a customary thing for Dr. Gray to enter the Judge's room *sans ceremonie*, and every one petted Tiny.

Upon the threshold the doctor hesitated. The men had known each other from youth. They were educated together, and the friendship of a lifetime had grown to be a very pleasant thing. But Tiny could not brook delay.

"Oh, doctor," she whispered, eagerly, "do not wait," and her own trembling fingers pushed open the door, her brave little feet passed first into the dreaded silence of her uncle's room. The semblance of death was there; for the sake of those who love the kind, good man, pray God it may not prove a terrible reality.

All this seems long in the telling, yet very little time had elapsed since a shadow of something wrong first clouded Tiny's active little brain.

Dr. Gray placed his finger upon the Judge's wrist. There was no pulsation, and the flesh was rigid, purple, and cold. There was feeble warmth about the heart, but no action that he could detect. He lifted the poor man's head to scan the familiar features for some sign of life, when lo! to his infinite, yet glad surprise, the dear eyes that he feared were closed forever, returned his astonished gaze with conscious intelligence. Dr. Gray was a man for emergencies. The moment he discovered that life still remained in the rigid, inanimate body of his friend, that moment he knew just what course to pursue. The result to be determined by a Wiser than he.

Kenneth came with the carriage. To remove the sick man then, was simply impossible. They must make him as comfortable as lay in their power, there.

A word to Tiny summoned Wilson. The honest man was greatly shocked, but, happily, he was a cool, clear-headed person, who did not readily lose self-possession. His services proved invaluable.

It was decided that Kenneth should return immediately for blankets, cushions, pillows, cordials, everything necessary. The doctor thought a moment. Tiny had shown herself a little woman. She should accompany Kenneth, and all his orders would be fulfilled. But to this the little girl demurred. Bursting into a passionate flood of tears—she had not

wept before—she clung to the doctor, pleading, "Oh, doctor, do not send me from my uncle, please do not send me away—indeed, indeed I cannot go!"

Taking her tenderly in his arms, the doctor went quietly into the outer room, soothing her with kisses and caresses, for he loved her as his very own—and her courage and womanliness were really remarkable.

"Tiny," said he, very kindly, "listen to me. You have been a brave little girl to-day; many a woman would not have been so womanly; you love your uncle dearly, dearly. Do you know that his precious life may depend upon your prompt obedience. You can do my bidding better than Jasper, better than Kenneth. Wilson I cannot spare. I am sure that my brave little girl will do everything for her uncle's sake."

For her uncle's sake! Tiny was conquered. She put up her sweet lips for a kiss, then slipped from his knee, and ran for her cloak and hood. The doctor saw them snugly fastened, then looking down into the blue of her eyes—"Attention, little one," said he, "nothing must be forgotten."

And the dear child listened to his minute directions, as if her own life depended upon a faithful compliance therewith.

"Yes, doctor," she gravely replied, when he had done. "I shall remember, and I shall not be long away."

Very white grew the fair face of Mrs. Denison, as she heard the story of her little girl, but the mother of Tiny could not be a helpless, inefficient woman. Everything Dr. Gray ordered—and more—was soon in readiness, and in company with an older sister, whom she had hastily summoned, she hurried to the side of her brother.

An impromptu couch was speedily arranged for the sufferer, and every needful preparation made to render the weary hours of the long night before them as comfortable as possible. Tiny could not be persuaded to go home. It seemed to her, and to them all, that the eyes of her uncle followed her with a wistful, yearning tenderness, and when there was no more her busy little hands could find to do, she drew a chair—her pretty chair—close to his low bed, and circling his neck with her small arm, nestled her golden head upon his pillow. When the night came down, and sleep and weariness overpowered her, they laid the dear child softly by his side, and wrapping her warmly and well, left her where they knew she would best love to be.

You will be glad to know that Tiny's uncle grew better at last, although he was never well and strong again. I would like to tell you the whole story, but it would be too long. That night, and the next day passed, and the moon walked up the starry pavement of the sky the second night before the cruel spell that seemed to bind him was broken. The first word that he uttered was Tiny's name. You may be sure the dear child was there to hear it. Her brave little heart overflowed with happiness, and her glad eyes with tears, at the welcome sound of his dear voice again.

During the months that have passed since then, she has been her uncle's constant friend and ally. Her loving kisses make the sunshine brighter, and the sweet cunning of her ways beguile the pain and weariness of many a lonely hour.

No ear so quick, no hand so willing, and no foot so fleet as Tiny's. Bless the dear, brave child. Angels of Heaven guard her tenderly! May she live to be a true, pure-hearted, noble woman, for of such the world has need.

THE TRAINING OF NURSES.

It is said that there are certain things of which all men think themselves capable till they have tried—and failed. It is equally true that there are certain things which all women are considered competent to perform, till they also have been tried—and found wanting. Among these numerous things two present themselves very vividly—housekeeping, and nursing the sick. To hear people talk, one would imagine that all women, by mere virtue of their sex, were born notable housewives and excellent administrators of the economy of a sick chamber. But we appeal confidently to the experience of our readers to state whether it is so; and we are perfectly certain that from all candid persons there will come an undoubting, unhesitating "No." Which of us does not know the household where order and good management have never been present, and where "muddle" is the order of the day? What housewife (unless, indeed, she has been exceptionally well trained) but can look back to her early misadventures in affairs, the proper ordering of which is now to her a matter of the utmost simplicity? Who does not know also the wretched sensation of being ill, and of being waited on by attendants, loving enough probably, but unskilled in everything except making the patient miser-

able, by not knowing what was the proper thing to be done?

It is our decided opinion that, though there doubtless exists, in the female portion of the community, much talent for both housekeeping and nursing, yet that the best use is not made of that talent, nor can it ever be developed without thorough and efficient training.

Nursing, particularly, is an art to which an apprenticeship needs to be served. No love on the part of the nurse for the patient can entirely make up for want of skill. There must be the trained quickness and quietness of step, the experienced touch in the application of dressing, or bandage, or blister, the skilled method of raising the sufferer, and of understanding his mute appeals for help. We all of us know the difference between the attendance of a nurse confident in her knowledge and powers, and that of one who knows nothing, and who worries the patient by perpetual appeals to himself. The first is a source of comfort and repose; the second, however kind or anxious, is an obstruction, to be got rid of as soon as possible.

If all this be true—and how true it is we have but to appeal to sufferers to know—there needs but little reasoning to show the extreme desirability of securing that all who undertake nursing, especially as a profession, should receive a training in order to enable them to perform their duties creditably. There are but few who would care to employ as a doctor one who had no diploma from some authorized source. But, unless good nursing accompanies good doctoring, the poor patient comes off but badly, and this good nursing we maintain is a gift, which results less from natural aptitude than from efficient training.

We know, of course, that much of the nursing of the world must be done by unprofessional people, but we know that when trying work has to be undertaken, or the case to be nursed presents unusual difficulty, it is to the trained and skilful nurse that the physician looks for the successful seconding of his efforts.

"HEROINE" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language; the first two letters of it are a male, first three female, the first four a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman.

Run not after blessings; only walk in the commandments, and blessings shall run after you, and pursue you, and overtake you.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Third Article.

HOW CONDUCTED IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

BY CARRIE S. B. BURNHAM, M. D.

One month since, I left you, your parents, and a few other friends, all dressed in costume, assembled in the well-ventilated and lighted parlor, ready for exercise. Upon the floor are chalked footmarks in rows about four and a half feet apart, midway between which are rings two and a half or three inches in diameter, chalked in like manner. In the adjoining hall are a few pairs of dumb-bells, Indian-clubs, rings and wands, constructed of black-walnut, birch or other light wood, and varying in size according to the strength of the performer, but so light and portable that an entire set of apparatus, viz.: a pair of bells, clubs, rings, and a wand can be easily grasped and carried in one hand. The bells should be made two and a half and three inches in diameter, the shaft between the bells long enough simply to easily admit the hand; the entire bell weighing from one to three pounds. The wand should be straight, smooth, three quarters of an inch in diameter, and long enough to reach from the floor to the armpit when you stand erect. The rings are to be turned in three pieces and glued together; they are thus made very firm and strong, so strong that they are equally adapted to the use of the muscular, stalwart man, and the feeble, delicate woman. I have seen those turned in two and even in one piece, but cannot recommend them as adapted for strong and violent use. The common nine-pin may take the place of the Indian club. The entire apparatus should be made smooth and shellacked instead of varnished, as the varnish might adhere to the heated or perspiring hands. I have thus described the apparatus, that you may be able to have it made in your own village or town. Now grasp your bells firmly in your hands and place yourselves upon the footmarks before mentioned, with your heels together, your feet nearly at right angles, the toes pointing towards the corners of the room. Place your hands by your side, the dumb-bells exactly parallel, thrust your shoulders back, bring the chin down, look directly forward, and let the spine be perfectly straight. You are now upright. As your friend, seated at the piano, commences to play a waltz, turn the outer bell inward upon the accented beat, the inner bell outward upon the unaccented beat, taking care that they are parallel in every position as you turn them. Turn them four times, now step diagonally forward with the right foot, bending the right knee much, while you keep the left foot firm upon the footmark and the left knee perfectly straight: bring the bells to the hips, thrust the body forward, and carry the shoulders and head far round to the right, until they are in the parallel plane corresponding to the plane of the foot. Now look high and far, over the right shoulder. The head, the shoulders, the hips, and the foot upon the footmark, are in the same straight oblique line. Hold yourselves firmly in this position during four beats of the music.

Now quickly come to place again, bringing the elbows to the hips, the forearms horizontally extended in front, the bells parallel: turn them as before in this position, taking care that the elbows are firmly held to the hips, and repeat the attitude, which I have just described upon the left side.

Again assume your first position upon the footmarks, save the arms are now horizontally extended at the side. Take care that you keep the spine still erect, and the neck well drawn back; turn the bells in this position, and upon the fifth accented beat repeat the first attitude, save that you step diagonally backwards instead of forwards. Simultaneous with this step backward, do not forget to look high and far round over the right shoulder, at the same time lowering the hips until the head, left shoulder, hips and foot are again in the same straight line. You are now ready for the fourth position. Thrust the bells over the head, the arms straight and perpendicular, the palms of the hands in front. Turn the bells entirely around, still keeping them parallel, which, perchance, may not be easy for you to do without the bending of the back; however, do not indulge yourself, but as nearly as possible approach the correct position, and do not allow the elbows to bend or the arms to come forward of the perpendicular. Repeat attitude number three upon the left side.

If you have taken these exercises, as I have directed you, you have brought into use the muscles of the arms and limbs, the neck, back, and abdomen, and both by the action and the holding of the body in a firm and steady position, you have given a new impetus to the circulation and the equal distribution of the blood to all parts of the body, which will much accelerate your mathematical calculations and other intellectual labors.

By these exercises the young lady is not enfeebled but strengthened and her health improved. But we are not ready to lay aside the bells yet. Place them upon the chest, far apart, the shoulders thrust back, the elbows high, while the bells are parallel and perpendicular and the wrists are carried close to the chest. Now thrust them downwards simultaneously, and bring them back to the chest. Upon the second accented beat, thrust them out at the side, then perpendicularly upwards, then horizontally in front, bringing them, upon each unaccented beat, to the first position upon the chest. While your bells are perpendicularly upward, look at them and see that the elbows are not bent, and that the arms are not six or eight inches forward of the perpendicular, which will be the case unless your shoulders are capable of more normal action than are those of most persons at the present time. The constant idea in the mind of Dr. Dio Lewis, during the many years in which he was developing *this*, his system of gymnastics, was to cause the performer to take those exercises, and those only, which no one but he who had a perfectly normal physique could accurately take, and thus the more the mind was inspired by accuracy and perfection in the exercises, the more thoroughly the object of physical culture would be gained, while a habit of systematic and accurate action would be contracted which would tell in other departments in life; hence my oft repeated suggestion, "*to take care that the bells are parallel, &c., &c.*"

But to go on. This we will call the fifth exercise, and surely for opening and expanding the chest, thereby strengthening its muscles and increasing the lung power, we can find few more thoroughly adapted exercises. I do not wonder that Dr. Lewis has entitled one of his works upon gymnastics, "Weak Lungs, and how to make them strong." Now step diagonally forward, a short step to the right, bending neither knee, and throwing both bells parallel far over the head, bending the back much. Repeat the exercise, and also the atti-

tude, upon the left side. But lest I weary you with bells, exchange them for rings, and having selected your partner, place yourselves two feet apart, the chalked ring forming the centre between you.

You have a pair of rings between you, both of which are held by yourself. Do not forget to draw your shoulders back, in fact assume the position which I described for commencing the dumb-bell exercises, with this difference only, that you are facing your partner, standing upon either side of the chalked ring. Again the music may be a waltz, or indeed a polka, but your musician should be especially accurate in *time* and *accent*, as according to the teachings of Nature, everywhere visible, we must alternate systematic exercise and rest, if we would avail ourselves of its rich rewards. *True*, it is possible while doing these exercises to keep the most perfect time, and yet move constantly, but watch your own involuntary breathing and learn a lesson therefrom. See, first that the intercostal and other respiratory muscles perform their part in this work, giving space for the inflation of the lungs, then enjoy a period of relaxation, during which time the expiratory muscles promptly come into use, and expel the air from these exceedingly delicate organs. Let every movement be made quickly, and hold every muscle of the body entirely quiet when no motion is required. *Move vigorously and rest thoroughly*; a good rule in all gymnastic exercises. Now, commence with the music by thrusting the ring in the right hand forwards, which at the same instant your partner grasps with her right hand, and rest upon the unaccented beat. At the second heavy beat, place the right foot forward, so that the toe shall meet the toe of your partner in the centre of the chalked ring between you, and again rest. You are now ready, upon the third accented beat, to step back a short step with the left foot, sinking low, by lowering the hips and bending the left knee much, while the right is unbent, the left hand upon the hip, the neck drawn back, and you are looking at the ring upon which you pull hard. As in some exercises before described, the right foot, hip, shoulder, and head, are in the same straight line. Turn the rings in this position and repeat the same with the left foot and hand forwards. Now grasp both rings, and join right feet as before, step back with the left foot, bending the left knee much, draw upon the rings, arch the chest, and turn the rings; repeat the same with left foot forwards.

By these exercises you receive the double advantage of expanding the chest and working against the *will-power* of another, the latter of which is not of small moment. Indeed, I think the superiority of this system of exercises over any other system of Light Gymnastics consists principally in the movements made with one, two and three partners, using this beautiful piece of apparatus, the ring, which it is but just to observe is original with Dr. Lewis. The mind of another, with whom you are exercising, serves as an inspiration not only to vigorous, energetic action, but also to cheerfulness, which greatly increases the benefit gained, physically and intellectually.

Do not drop the rings, but by raising the hands towards the piano, turn back to back, place the left foot against that of your partner, so that the heel of the one comes against the toe of the other, and the toe of each respectively points towards the opposite ends of the hall. Step forward, with the right foot, a long step, bending the right knee much (the left knee is unbent), draw upon the rings and throw back the head so as to look at the ceiling of the room; turn the rings and repeat the same with the right foot back against your partner's right. If the room is well ventilated, your lungs will be more thoroughly inflated during this exercise than they have been for many a month, I dare say. A very great variety of exercises can be performed by the use of the rings, of which I have not now time to tell you.

The exercises with the wands can be made very useful and beautiful in charging, forming figures of different yet pleasing varieties. Their use in marching is of great account, carrying them perpendicularly upon the one shoulder, then upon the other, assuming the marching gait of soldiers; then place them upon the back of the neck, then under the arms, crossing the hands in front; or perchance with the wand in this position the shoulders will be so far drawn back that you can only touch the tips of the fingers; this is preferable, as one of our especial objects is to counteract the tendency to stooping shoulders, so prevalent among our young friends. Join your wand with your neighbor, holding them with the hands and bending the elbows, rest them upon your shoulders. As you continue to march, raise the hands high and draw them back and forth alternately; and thrust them out horizontally in the same way.

Lay aside your wands, and place your hands

upon the hips; continue to march upon the toes, the heels, alternate the toes and the heels, and now join with your partner and leap, skip, hop forward and in circles, reversing as you like; form gateways with the hands, through which leap or skip, taking care that every step be taken in exact time to the music.

You can use the Indian clubs in a manner similar to the dumb-bells, or for pin-running, standing them in the opposite side of the room; also the bean-bags may be used for many and most amusing games. All of these exercises, and hundreds of others without apparatus, the variety of marches, &c., may be made as all-absorbing as the dance; at the same time exercising the muscles of the body more harmoniously without the unpleasant consequences, proverbial results of the latter.

If you are unaccustomed to exercise of any kind (I pity you), and are very weak as the result of this inaction, perhaps you had better commence your practice with the Free Gymnastics, that is, without apparatus of any kind. Step again upon the footmarks and let me illustrate, I will detain you but a moment. Close the hands tightly, and place them far apart upon the chest; thrust them down, out, up, and horizontally in front, keeping them the width of the chest apart. Now carry the hands from the horizontal in front to the horizontal at the side without lowering them one inch; if you can carry them back further than the horizontal at the side, it is better, provided that you do not lower them. Place the hands upon the hips again, and take a long step directly forward, diagonally forward, at the side, diagonally back, directly back, diagonally across, directly across, behind and in front, first with one foot then the other, after which alternate the feet in these eight different directions. You may stamp them, and standing upon one foot throw the other vigorously in these different directions without allowing it to touch the floor; but stop, inflate your lungs to their utmost capacity, which, if you follow my suggestions in dress, ventilation and exercise, you will find soon incredibly increased. Now have the back, the upper part of the chest, and either side, thoroughly perspired.

But I will not weary you with more of these, but leave you to improvise for yourselves such exercises which shall develop your four hundred muscles, and raise the tone of your system to its normal standard. These

need not be wearying to the performer or spectator from monotony, and many of them will be very beautiful. I cannot close, however, without entering my protest against the use of heavy apparatus for either the robust or the weak.

True, by commencing with the calf, and as it grows larger and stronger each day, still continue to lift him, you may by-and-by lift the ox with ease; but what is the result in physical development, and how does it affect the workings of the mind? If it renders the body more perfect in form and the mind more active and energetic in its expressions through the body, truly is it an important acquisition to all. But how is this? For illustration, homely, but practical, compare the movements of the carriage horse with those of the plodding cart horse. The latter can draw a larger load, but he is lazy and correspondingly slow in his perception. Not so with the former; his movements are agile, his perceptions and senses acute. So, the gymnast who has developed his muscles by the use of bars and heavy weights, can pull and lift much; strong and steady, but lazy and plodding are his motions, and his brain of necessity is correspondingly lazy in its action; while he whose muscles are developed by quick movements with light or no apparatus is graceful, free and agile, and correspondingly acute are his perceptions, and his brain vigorous and energetic, either in or aside from an emergency. As the mind is the man and the body the medium through which it becomes developed and makes expressions here, I need not say that that physical development which contributes most readily to the energetic and efficient action of the mind is by far preferable. On this ground we are therefore bound to give the preference to Light Gymnastics, not only in comparison with Heavy Gymnastics, but as the most efficient of all the means yet devised for bodily together with intellectual development.

As I laid down my pen last month I almost feared that from the philosophy of my first, and the indispensable preliminaries in my second article, the prospect of resuming this subject would scarcely find a welcome response in your hearts; however, certain conditions are necessary and indispensable to growth and progress everywhere. With this, the husbandman is familiar and does not expect the plentiful harvest of grain unless the ground is first well laid out, prepared, and the seed sown, neither does he expect the rich, mellow fruit from the uncultivated crab-tree. He is not a stranger to the

exhilarating, beautifying, and maturing influence of the glorious sunlight and warmth upon the vegetation of his fields, and therefore, so far as he is able, he zealously complies with Nature's conditions, and avails himself of all her resources to secure to himself and his children abundant and satisfying harvests.

It is no less impossible for you to reap the rich rewards of intellectual, moral, and physical culture, without first understanding and complying with the preliminary requisites to *bodily development*; hence my zeal in minutely describing to you, your costumes, and the hygienic resources of the apartment, in which you take these exercises, and my efforts to impress upon you the urgency of these, Nature's conditions, as shown by the construction of the body itself and the subtle workings of the mind through it. So essential did the ancient Greeks consider sunlight and pure atmosphere to the proper physical development, that all of their extraordinary muscular feats were performed in an apartment, not such as I have described to you, but which had no roof save the canopy of Heaven, no floor but the solid earth, and whose walls were gayly decorated with the rich shrubbery which nature has lavished so abundantly in that clime. Their Gymnasiums were in the open air, to which much of their superiority in this department is justly attributed. This inspires the mind with a healthy enthusiasm, which makes harmonious growth comparatively easy. With these suggestions, I leave you, hoping that you will embody them in practice and reap the inevitable reward, viz., a sound and beautiful body with a correspondingly vigorous and virtuous mind.

TOBACCO.—Says the *American Temperance Union*, "We do not propose to make it our business to anathematize the foolish, absurd, and dirty practice of using tobacco in any form, for we have more important matters in hand. But the reply of a drunkard, the other day, to a Son of Temperance, who was pleading with him to abandon the use of strong drink, should set us thinking. 'I don't want,' said he, 'a man with his mouth full of nasty tobacco to be talking to me about drinking a little whisky.' Our friend thought a moment and then replied, 'That is so. I admit my inconsistency. I will take the beam out of my own eye. I have spent the last cent I ever shall for tobacco.' A person with one bad habit can have but little influence over another who may possess one of a different character."

AN ANCIENT AMERICAN PYRAMID.

In the great American desert, which lies principally on the west bank of the Colorado, and between that river and the California range of mountains, ancient ruins exist in different localities. Baron Von Humboldt, during his researches on the American continent, discovered abundant evidence of the existence, at some greatly remote period, of a race of people entirely unlike, and apparently superior to, those inhabiting the continent at the time of its discovery by Europeans.

These evidences are becoming every day more and more conclusive, as the energy and love of travel of the American people lead them over its most forbidden, sterile and inhospitable wastes.

Recently a party of five young men, from one of the Western States, ascended the Colorado for nearly two hundred miles above the mouth of the Gila, their object being to discover, if possible, some large tributary from the west, by which they might make the passage of the desert, and enter California by a new, more direct, and easier route, as numerous small streams were known to exist on the eastern slope of the mountains, that were either lost in the sands of the desert or united with the Colorado through tributaries that were unknown.

They found the country on both sides of the Colorado barren of every vegetable product, and very level and monotonous, but after passing on a considerable distance without any change, an object appeared on the plain to the west, which had so much the appearance of a work of art, from the regularity of its outline and its isolated position, that they determined to visit it.

They passed the distance of five miles over a barren, sandy plain, when they reached the base of one of the most wonderful objects, considering its location, which was the very home of desolation, that the mind can possibly conceive of; nothing less than an immense stone pyramid, composed of layers or courses of from eighteen inches to nearly three feet in thickness, and from five to eight feet in length. It had a level top of more than fifty feet square, though it was evident that it had been completed, and that some great convulsion of nature had displaced its entire top, as it was evidently lying on one of its sides, a huge and broken mass, nearly covered by the sands.

This pyramid differs, in some respects, from the Egyptian pyramid. It is, or was, more slender or pointed; and while those of Egypt are composed of steps or layers, receding as they rise, this American pyramid was, undoubtedly a more finished structure. The outer surface of the blocks was evidently cut to an angle, that gave the structure, when new and complete, a smooth or regular surface from top to bottom.

From the present level of the sands that surround it, there are fifty-two distinct layers of stone, that will average at least two feet each; this gives its present height one hundred and four feet, so that before its top was displaced, it must have been at least twenty feet higher than at present. How far it extends beneath the sands could not be easily determined.

Such is the age of this immense structure, that the perpendicular joints between the blocks are worn away from five to ten inches at the bottom of each joint, and the entire pyramid is so much worn by the storms, the vicissitudes, and the corrodings of centuries, as to make it easy of ascent.

By whom, at what age of the world, or for what purpose this pyramid was erected, will probably forever remain a hidden mystery.

Other evidences were discovered of a nature that would seem to make it certain that this portion of country, now the most barren, was once the garden and granary of the continent, and the abode of millions of our race. Though the party were unsuccessful in being able to cross the desert at this point, yet they came to the conclusion that, at some greatly remote period, this desert was occupied by a people of whom all existing history is silent. C.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

Every man speaks and writes with an intent to be understood; and it seldom happens, but he that understands himself might easily convey his meaning to another, if, content to be understood, he did not seek to be admired, but when once he begins to contrive how his sentiments may be received, not with most ease to his reader, but with most advantage to himself, he then transfers his consideration from words to sounds, from sentences to periods; and as he grows more elegant, becomes less intelligible.

PETROLEUM.

A SEQUEL TO "WHETHER IT PAID."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XV.

Tom's brief furlough allowed him only five days at home; but what cannot be lived in five days? Whatever lost opportunities the Spencers might have to regret, they certainly could never reproach themselves for not making the most of the present time. Tom, of course, was the hero of the occasion, and Rusha and he were inseparable, though they had little opportunity for their old and intimate talks, for whatever locality the young soldier happened transiently to occupy, that was sure to be the point of concentration for his whole family.

He was looking finely. That hard out-door life down there on the Potomac had bronzed his cheek and broadened his shoulders, and given to face and bearing a new vigor and manliness. He had crossed the Rapidan with Grant in those pleasant May days, and been through that awful storm of fire and death which followed, and which, though it had spared him, not so much as singing his garments, had yet made him feel when he came out of it as though he had left all his youth behind. Certainly each one of those lurid days and nights had burned away some dross from his soul, but out of their fires would come a steadier and stronger fibred manhood.

They used to sit far into the night listening to his stories with a shuddering eagerness, and wondering they had him back among them alive and well. "As for sleep," Rusha averred, who had a family reputation for wakefulness, "that could afford to wait. They'd nothing in the world to do but make up losses on that side when Tom was gone."

Then, of course, there was all the ground to explore, for Tom must not let a single fine point go unvisited. Fortunately, the most were within easy riding or walking distances, and the young officer was as eager to go as Guy and the girls were to be his pioneers.

He was as charmed with the mountain retreat as it was possible to be, and drank in all its delights and marvels of landscape with a spirit which satisfied even Rusha.

"Isn't this better than Saratoga, Tom?" she said to him one day, coming out and taking

his arm as he was pacing up and down the veranda for a few moments alone.

"Better!" He lifted up his face to the hills, whose foreheads were covered by purple gauzes of mist shaking back and forth in the soft afternoon wind. "The mountains answer more eloquently than I."

She clasped her other hand upon his arm, and looked up into his face with her sweetest smile.

"It was all my doings, their coming up here. You see I like to take the credit to myself."

"Do you s'pose I shouldn't have known whether you did or not that it all originated with you? I wonder, dear girl, if anything good or beautiful ever happened to us that you didn't manage to be at the bottom of it all?"

Her face, in a quiver of delight and fondness, looked up to his.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" She could not get any farther just then, leaning her head against his shoulder, and for a little while they continued their walk in silence around the veranda.

She cleared her voice to speak at last—"After you were gone away, I remembered, Tom, and the memory cost me a good many sharp pangs, that I'd been impatient and fretful, and said things to you I ought not many times. It seemed to me I could never forgive myself for it then."

"Don't you fret that dear little sensitive soul of yours over it ever again as long as you live." Tom had grown affectionate, in speech at least, since he went to the war. "Mind what I say, now. You've never been anything but the greatest comfort and blessing to me in the world."

Her face looking up, thanked him again with such thanks as few faces have in this world.

Then Tom drew out of his bosom the small Bible, a good deal faded with use, and held it up before her.

"It went through all the wars with me," he said.

"Did you find time to do what I asked?"

"Every day; and I found," dropping his

voice, a strange solemnity creeping over his young face, "that what you said was true about the strength and comfort. Sometimes in those awful days, when a fellow couldn't see for the thick storm of shells whizzing round him, and the men were dropping dead every minute where they stood, and the next breath his turn might come, some of the words in here would come back to me and cling to my thoughts, and I'd find it was as you said, there was some life in them that it took the hot breath of the battle to kindle. I tell you it makes a fellow think to stand next door to another world if he never did before."

"Oh, Tom, how can I ever thank God enough for sparing you to me—to us all?"

"I s'pose the best way to thank Him after all is to serve Him—to please Him," he answered.

What a great leap that was—what a school the battle-field had been for his soul, as it has for the souls of so many of our young men during the past year—so many in this world or the next.

"That's the only way, and we must all find it out for ourselves." Then in a moment—"Were you much afraid, Tom?" a woman's question always.

"Well, you see a fellow's completely carried out of himself. A hot excitement gets possession of him, and he only knows that he's got to turn in and fight, come life or death. He can't feel much beyond that, not even when a man stands at his side one moment and drops dead the next, and he himself is likely to be in another world with a breath more. But in the marches and before the battle begun I had time to think, and to feel, too, and life seemed a very small thing just then beyond what use a fellow made of it to serve him in his dying hour. I hadn't got the sort of record I'd have liked by a long ways, and it didn't make me feel any more comfortable to look back, and then—you know a man can't say much about these things—some of those passages I read in here came back to me as though God's voice had spoken them directly to my soul. I went into the battle on their strength and comfort, and if I'd never come out of it, I think I should have gone into the other world on some hope and rest I'd found inside of this," laying his other hand over the book.

"Oh, Tom, I am so glad—so glad!" her eyes swimming in tears, her whole face alive with a tremulous gladness which told how deep Tom's words had gone.

At that moment Agnes came out on the

veranda—"You're not going to be Rusha's special property this time, you needn't flatter yourself!" with a laugh. "Some other folks have rights, too."

"Take some of them now, then," offering her his other arm, and they continued their walk.

"I tell you now it's pleasant," said Tom, "for a fellow to have such a good-looking girl on each side of him, and nothing to do but to take his ease. He'll never appreciate it, though, until he's had a little of just such peppering and salting as I've undergone for the last six months."

"Oh," said Agnes, suddenly, "it's almost time for Guy to be back with Ella. He only rode over to intersect the stage. Suppose we go down and meet them?"

Her proposition was acted on without delay. They sauntered down the road, waiting only to get their hats, and were rewarded by a sight of the carryall before they had proceeded half a mile from the house. A waving of handkerchiefs and hats at once saluted it, but as it drew nearer it proved to have only a solitary occupant.

The surprise and disappointment were audible enough, especially on the girls' part, and Guy was assailed when he drove up to them as though he was responsible for not bringing his sister.

He was quite equal to his own defence, however, which amounted to just this—Ella was not in the stage, neither was there any message from her.

"It is too provoking," said Agnes, with her girlish impetuosity; "and she won't get here until to-morrow now, and then have only two days more."

"She couldn't have got your telegram, Guy," said Tom, rather inclined to solve difficulties than to waste time in lamentations over them.

"That's it, you may depend; and yet I can't see how it's happened. I telegraphed from Littleton yesterday morning, and it don't seem as though there could have been any mistake in the thing. We must try it again, that's all. Rufus will drive in town to-morrow morning—" commenced Guy.

"We won't trust to telegrams at all in a case like this," interposed Rusha. "We'll just send Rufus over to the Crawford to-morrow. But then I can't help thinking how sorry Ella will be when she comes to find this lost three days of your visit, Tom."

Tom was sorry, too. Ella was his sister,

and because of that he loved her dearly; indeed his brief army life had afforded him some new knowledge of his own capacities in family affection.

Still the loss and disappointment would have been a far different thing if Rusha instead of her sister had been absent at this time, and only then, perhaps, could Tom have realized how much of the blessedness of this coming home he owed to this sister of his.

No love or longing, however, could hold back those long, golden days of midsummer, gladly as each would have detained them. Mr. Spencer arrived on the following day, so that with Ella the family circle would be as complete as possible.

Rufus did not make the journey from Littleton in his usual good time, hence the family resolved themselves into a committee in order to decide whether he had better ride over to the Crawford House and bring her back that night. But more than half Tom's furlough was now expired. She had not arrived, as had been hoped, in that day's stage, and her absence was now laid solely to the charge of the telegraph, which was anathematized by the family in general.

The domestic conclave resulted in the dispatch of Rufus for the Crawford a little before sundown. The ride of twenty-four miles, which included the journey both ways, must occupy at least five hours.

Rufus accomplished the trip in this time, but returned without Ella. She had that morning ascended Mount Washington with a party of friends, and the whole company had, while at the Summit House, taken a fancy to descend on the other side and pass the day at Conway, so they would not possibly return before the next evening.

Rufus could not make certain about the telegram. There was a vague impression that one of the nature he described had been transmitted, and if so there was no doubt that the young lady had received it.

At all events to clinch the matter this time, Rufus had telegraphed both to the Summit House and to Conway, and there was no help for it. Ella's part in Tom's furlough must now be limited to a single day.

In the midst of the disappointment each fell back on the old solution—the telegram, through some inadvertency had failed to reach the girl.

That last day of Tom's furlough went as though its hours were hurried off by some remorseless fate. Everybody of course gravitated

to his orbit, letting all other interests wait on him.

The evening came, and again the stage did not bring Ella. Once more the carryall was dispatched in all haste to the Crawford House. The party had not yet returned, and it appeared that they must have altered their plans, as the telegram to Ella had been answered at Conway, with the information that no such party were stopping at the hotel.

Perplexity and disappointment took about equal possession of the Spencers. Ella's last chance for seeing Tom was gone now, and the possibility of its being a last chance in the profoundest and deepest sense, could not but flash across all their thoughts, and then be dismissed with a shudder. The father was irritated, and that always made him unreasonable. His blame must fall on something more sentient than telegraph wires this time.

"That girl never knows what she's about when she gets off on a frolic with her fashionable friends. Of course there'd be no telling where to find her, or what she was about. Pretty scrape this. You ought to have had more sense than to let her go," turning upon his wife, as though it was the easiest matter in the world for that pliant mother to dominate her grown-up daughters.

"Now, pa, don't be hard on anybody," put in Rusha, who was walking up and down the room. "I'm sure it will be bad enough for the poor child when she comes home and finds what she's lost, without adding reproaches for what she couldn't help."

"Yes," subjoined Tom, feeling that the circumstances would give his request a weight just now that it would not have at any other time, "don't blame Ella when she gets back. Tell her next time she won't get rid of me so easily. When beaux are round brothers are always a nuisance," turning off whatever disappointment he might feel with a jest. "Come here to the window, Rusha, and see the effect of the moonlight on that bank of mist up there in the hollow of the mountain." Of course she went. "How beautiful it is! Soft and glistening as the white veil of a bride, and a little farther up, on that jutting crag, the vapor lies, a heap of orange blossoms to complete the figure.

Don't you see them?"

"Yes, with a long pull of my imagination," she laughed. Then she grew grave again. "Oh, Tom, before that moon has waxed and waned where will it find you?"

"Down there in camp, I suppose, watching the long rows of tents that have a wonderfully

picturesque effect in moonlight, and remind me of nothing in the world but snow-drifts piled on mid summer grass. It will find me too, thinking of you all here at home, and fancying just what you are about. What a comfort it is that I shall be able to locate you all now—to see in my fancy the rooms where you are sitting, and verandas where you are walking, as I never could have seen them even through your letters. Our little cottage will cling to me everywhere now."

Her eyes smiled up on him with their sweetest fondness. Then in a moment he went over and threw himself down on an ottoman at his mother's feet, and laid his head in her lap.

"You must spoil me for this one night, just as you used to when I was a little shaver."

She was ready enough to do it, smoothing the thick brown hair with her hand, while the family gathered around in its softest mood, as the shadow of parting hanging over loving hearts always brings to the surface their finest and deepest feelings.

They had all realized in this visit of Tom's some new gentleness and thoughtfulness that seemed to twine their graceful wreaths about some column of strength in his character.

"I declare he seems to grow beautiful every hour," said Agnes to Rusha, as the sisters retired late that night. Certainly he grew dearer to them every hour.

The parting came early next morning, for Tom must be in time for the train at Littleton. The wrench, however, was not so hard as the previous one. We get used to almost everything in life, and then Tom had really been to the war and come back sounder and heartier in every respect than he went.

They could not think that it might be otherwise a second time. Then his hopefulness infected them all. Tom fervently believed that Grant would be in Richmond before the fall election, which was then filling all men's minds. You could not listen to the high, confident hopes of his young soul, without in some degree catching his spirit.

There had been some talk of accompanying the gentlemen as far as Littleton, Mr. Spencer returning to New York with his son. But Rusha vetoed all that. She could not bear to have their leave-taking transpire in the midst of a curious crowd.

So they went no further than the gate, and took their clinging farewells with only God's solemn mountains looking down on them.

They watched him as long as they could, his face turned back and smiling on them, and so

it passed, in the pleasant summer morning, smiling, out of their sight.

It seemed a dreadfully barren house to which they turned back, but Rusha said, with a smile which her lips held through a little treachery of voice, "Now we're not going to give it up and carry long faces all day because Tom's gone. I think that would be ungrateful to God, who has given him back to us safe and sound, for such a precious surprise and delight as this visit has been to us all."

Her words had their effect, and, I think, those who watched wisely, would have found that, more and more, God was in the thought and life of Rusha Spencer.

CHAPTER XVI.

There was but one man in the world who could have fully explained the mystery of Ella's absence and silence all this time, and that man was Derrick Howe.

He had come to the mountains this summer resolved to use his own figure on playing a desperate game—if he won the cards, the prize would be a heavy one, and he was not likely to be punctilious about the means when an end he so greatly desired was in view.

Yet you must not think that Derrick Howe was consciously a villain. He honestly believed himself a good fellow—better in fact than the most of men. In his relations with Ella Spencer he certainly regarded himself as the aggrieved party, and he believed that he had just as good a right to the hand and fortune of that girl as any other man. That any of her family should oppose his suit appeared simply in the light of a monstrous injustice to himself—one which it was his right by any means in his power to circumvent.

With this purpose, as I said, he had come to the mountains with a large party, among which were several of Ella's friends. They did not know it, but he was really at the bottom of the invitation which brought Ella to the Crawford House, where she was received with voluble rapture by a company of dashing girls, who thought they greatly honored the mountains by airing their graces and importing here their city manners.

In order to forestall all emergencies Derrick Howe had prevailed upon the young ladies of his set to keep his presence with several other gentlemen of the party, a profound secret. The girls readily entered into the joke, and he persuaded the young men to go off with him on an expedition into the woods, the real object of all this precaution being to keep the

entire Spencer family in ignorance of Mr. Howe's whereabouts, as he had foreseen the strong probability of some of its members accompanying her to the Crawford. His plan succeeded admirably. Guy would have encountered Derrick Howe without a suspicion of any sort, he having at the most, only a vague sort of an impression that he was "one of the strings of Ella's bow that the governor was down on," but he would have been certain to mention his name among the party at the Crawford, and "the train would have been fired at once," to borrow Derrick Howe's rhetoric again. But Guy rode home in blissful ignorance after his dinner at the Crawford, carrying no tidings to the elder sister that could arouse her out of the sweet security into which the mountains had lulled her thought and feeling.

Derrick Howe did not discover himself to Ella Spencer until he had ascertained that the field was quite clear. The girl was utterly confounded when that gentleman walked into the parlor with his friends and greeted her in his most cordial manner, while the young ladies who were in the secret grouped themselves in a picturesque tableau around her to enjoy a surprise which they fancied must be of a most agreeable character.

But it seemed as though at that moment some good angel must have rung a momentary warning in Ella Spencer's soul, for the girl actually shivered and turned pale, acknowledged Derrick Howe's greeting with a chilling bow, and in a few moments made her escape to her chamber with the young lady who shared the apartment with her.

"I wish I had never come here. I really must go home to-morrow morning," she exclaimed, passionately throwing herself down on the bed.

Her companion was quite appalled at this announcement, and Ella felt she had now gone too far to retreat, and in her perplexity she needed some confidante into whose sympathizing ear she could pour the story of her griefs. So under a promise of inviolable secrecy she told her story, which was truthful in so far that the speaker had no idea that it was not a faithful mirror of facts.

How far it was intrinsically so could perhaps be best ascertained from the impression which it made on the listener, though something must be allowed for her predilections in favor of Derrick Howe.

The girl received a general impression that the Spencer family, individually and collec-

tively, had conceived an absolute and altogether unreasonable aversion towards Mr. Howe—that the bare suggestion of his name was a signal for the most violent domestic explosion—that Ella had undergone much persecution on account of a variety of harmless attentions from that irresistible young gentleman; and while she acknowledged his graces of mind and manner, his presence filled her with an indefinable terror and dread; and that moreover she had been compelled, for fear of her father and sister, to enter into bonds to keep the family peace by avoiding Derrick Howe as though his very presence carried with it some blasting moral plague.

Whether this was or not exactly the impression which Ella intended to convey, as she went over the story in a breathless, excited manner, this was the general idea which her friend received.

Ella finished by bursting into tears. She could hardly have analyzed her own feelings, but she really felt frightened at the thought of being under the same roof with Derrick Howe. She remembered his words on their last meeting in New York, and had a conviction that he had come to the mountains solely on her account. She remembered her promise to Rusha, and her conscience convicted her of breaking it. She could not easily have analyzed her own feelings, but she had a vague fear of something connected with Derrick Howe, she could not tell what.

Her companion, a well-meaning girl enough, acted her part as sympathizer and counsellor in accordance with the hasty conclusions to which she jumped. She insisted that Ella's return would reduce the whole party to a state of indescribable misery, and besought her, in pity to her friends, to spare them such an infliction. She treated the Spencer prejudice regarding Derrick Howe as one of those unaccountable delusions to which the paternal and maternal mind had an inherent proclivity from time immemorial.

She was eloquent in the praises of that victim of the fatal blindness of others—she sympathized after the fashion of a romantic young girl with the sufferings which Ella had undergone from family tyranny, but agreed that a promise, which amounted to a vow, could only be adhered to by an absolute avoidance of Derrick Howe on all occasions; indeed, Ella herself made so strong a point of this that she could not be induced to dress for supper until her companion had satisfied her that she should be established betwixt her brother and

her friend, and that it would be the easiest matter in the world for Ella to keep the young man at the utmost limit of social recognition.

So Ella went down that night in her own strength, primed with a determination never to give Derrick Howe the slightest favor, or accept a courtesy of any sort from him. He did not invade her sphere. The truth was, he had been a good deal surprised and chagrined at her reception, but the repulse only made him think the prize he was seeking of still greater value. He exerted himself to be agreeable to the rest of the party with a little more success than usual, and its most attractive elements were soon clustered about himself.

This could not be altogether agreeable to Ella. With her brilliant spirits and her good looks she was used to bearing the palm among a small clique of girls, and she found herself compelled to gravitate a little with the others, or form the nucleus of a party in her own corner.

She tried this and found it bored her. From the other side of the room there came peals of laughter and the merry click of tongues. "What a good time they were having over there!" Ella thought. And how provoking it was that she must be kept out in the cold with the sag end of the party.

Some of the girls strayed over to her side.

"What makes you stay here? Mr. Howe is so funny. I've really lost my breath laughing over his comic adventures." So the changes rung.

It was certainly a hard case for Ella. So she compromised; allowing herself to be led over to the others with an inward reservation that she would not be drawn into Derrick Howe's talk. That young man was meanwhile watching every movement of hers, and secretly congratulated himself on the small concession she made in joining his group.

He still avoided directly addressing her, but exerted his utmost possibilities in showing off himself to the others. For it was in reality doing no more nor less than this. He had that superficial wit which is at a premium in light, fashionable society, and all the gifts of small talk, added to certain graces of manner which the young always gauge far above their worth. Ella did listen, and sometimes laughed in spite of her resolutions.

Music struck up at last, and dancing commenced. Ella did her part here, so did Derrick Howe, who was regarded by the young ladies as the greatest prize among their partners.

Ella had plenty of engagements—but nobody

went through the figures with such a grace as the man whom she was under bonds to avoid. She began to wish it were otherwise, to hope that Derrick Howe would invite her for the next set on purpose to let the others hear her refusal.

Governed at all times by the opinions of her own world, never gauging persons by their intrinsic value, but holding them at precisely the estimate of a certain class of people, Ella could not resist the influence which Derrick Howe's social popularity carried with it.

"All the other girls are crazy to dance with him," thought Ella, "and though I certainly don't wish to do that, I should like to have them know that I could."

During the early part of the evening, however, Derrick Howe assiduously avoided her. Ella's vanity had no opportunity to triumph by declining any courtesies on his part.

He was shrewd enough to discern that he could most easily overcome her coldness by making himself of chief consequence in the eyes of those around her.

Already a reaction was taking place in Ella's mind, and the repugnance with which she had first encountered Derrick Howe was superseded by one of anger towards her father and Rusha.

Meanwhile the young man was biding his time. He could not, of course, discern the process of Ella's thoughts, but he was certain as the evening wore on that she was inwardly less crustaceous towards him.

Several times, as he stood near her in the pauses of the dance, Ella expected that he would address her. But he did nothing of the kind, only devoted himself to the lady by his side. She began to be angry with herself for repelling him in the beginning—to feel, too, that he was the only man in the party whose attentions were really worth having.

The evening had nearly closed, when Mr. Howe suddenly turned towards Ella as though nothing had transpired betwixt them, and asked her opinion on some trifling matter at that moment under discussion. The smile with which she answered was in marked contrast with her manner when they first met. It encouraged him to ask her hand for the next set which was forming at that moment.

Ella hesitated. Derrick Howe cursed himself for his precipitancy; but vanity triumphed over conscience. He was the most desirable partner for the dance, and Ella desired to show him in her train, and he led her off in triumph.

Outside the moonlight lay folding the earth and the mountains in its white, solemn trance of beauty. A few miles off Rusha Spencer had put aside the curtains so that the light might fill the room like a very blessing of God, and so she had gone to her sleep. If she could only have known what was going on that hour not far away—if she could only have known!

Ella Spencer felt that she had done wrong, and the feeling made her uneasy, defiant, desperate. She grew angry with Rusha. What business, she asked herself, had her sister to extort a promise from her that she would never speak to Derrick Howe! It was a perfect outrage to begin with. And then it was an absolute impossibility to keep it under the present circumstances. She had not asked him to come to the mountains, but here he was, and she must be civil to him, despite her father and sister's prejudices.

She really worked herself up into the belief that she had been abused, and that having broken the ice once, there was no use of trying to keep up any further coldness towards Derrick Howe in speech or manner. She had come to the Crawford to have a good time, and she would let things take their own course in spite of anything.

This conclusion was all Derrick Howe desired. He had now the "time and opportunity" he had coveted, and he made the most of it. Of course they had all sorts of out-door excursions amid which Mr. Howe was conspicuous—in short the very life and centre of the party.

You have seen that he was just the sort of man to please the fancy of a girl like Ella Spencer, and he soon resumed or rather redoubled the old impression.

Intimacies develop rapidly in the careless freedom of out-door life and excursions, and it seemed as though some fate which she did not long struggle against, were constantly bringing Derrick Howe and Ella in juxtaposition. He was at her side when the party rode up Mount Willard in the morning, and in the afternoon when they went down the Notch, and he was so agreeable that Ella could not have wished it otherwise.

If her conscience offered a reproof, she silenced it with, "I can't help myself now. If papa and Rusha ever find it out there'll be an awful storm, but a little more or less talk won't make any difference, and now I'm in for it."

Her room-mate, to whom she confided all

this, was sympathetic to the last degree, enjoyed the progress of affairs, and firmly believed that Ella Spencer was the victim of family prejudice and cruelty.

The former certainly intended to keep her promise inviolate, but she was no match for Derrick Howe, and he managed to extract from her an admission that Ella's coldness at their first meeting proceeded from no fault of hers—it was all owing to her family.

In short, before two days were over, Derrick Howe and Ella Spencer had walked and rode, had laughed, chatted, flirted together, and were really on a more intimate footing than they had ever been in their lives before.

But the man's nicely laid plan came very near miscarrying. One morning, as Mr. Howe was sauntering up and down the parlor waiting for Ella and her friend to present themselves for a stroll through the gate of the Notch to a little fall which hung its white staircase of waters between gray banks of rock, the brother of Ella's room-mate hurried in—

"Where are the girls, Howe? Here's a telegram for Ella Spencer."

"What is it about?" his suspicions taking the alarm at once.

"I happened to be at the desk and took it. It's from her home. That's all I know about it, of course," with the envelope in his hand.

"It may be a case of life or death though—something, in short, that should be broken carefully to her. As Miss Spencer is my friend, I beg that you will do for her what I should ask you to, under the same circumstances, for my own sister—read the telegram before you deliver it?"

It was putting the matter in a very plausible way. The young man was not very likely to probe beneath the surface.

"You read it, Howe," placing the telegram in the other's hand.

The message simply announced Tom's arrival, and, in consequence, urged Ella's return by the next stage. Derrick Howe saw in a moment all his schemes frustrated. "How was he to head this off!"

His friend waited.

"Bad news, Howe?"

"No; only another plot to separate us, and break her heart, and blast my life!"

His friend stared. Derrick Howe had gone too far to retreat now; and in an instant, helped of the devil, the plan shaped itself in his mind.

"I want a few minutes private talk with you," taking the arm of the young man, and

they sauntered off into a little wood-path together.

Derrick Howe's companion was a good-hearted, jovial fellow, without any great mental acumen of any sort. The two young men sat down on the rocks, and there Mr. Howe confided to his friend the story of his passion for Ella Spencer, and of the cruel persecution of her family from the commencement of his suit. He averred "that the telegram was of a piece with the rest of their conduct, being nothing less than a peremptory summons home, because they had got wind of his presence at the Crawford. Ella was represented as the suffering victim of her father's despotism, secretly responding to her lover's regard, but in mortal terror of her family.

This was the only opportunity that Mr. Howe could find during the season to see his idol, and he actually worked himself up into a passion, and declared himself ready to blow his brains out if Ella was dragged away from him at this time, as she would inevitably be, unless he had a friend able and willing to help him.

The young man had taken in all the bearings of this story with the profoundest interest. At its close, shaking off a crust of ashes from his cigar, he delivered himself thus—

"Burning shame, Howe! Splendid girl, that Ella Spencer! Like to step in myself if it wasn't too late. But I'm ready to help a fellow, heart and hand, out of such a fix, if you'll just say how it is to be done."

Derrick rose up and shook his friend's hand. His, "my dear fellow, you have bound me to you for the rest of your life!" was certainly dramatic.

But when it came to details, the only test of this friendship which Derrick demanded was that the other should suppress all information respecting the telegram. He was to leave for New York on the following day, and if anything further transpired regarding the despatch, there could be but one conclusion, he had forgotten to deliver it.

There was a faint demur in the young man's tone as he said—

"I'm ready to go any lengths for you, Howe, and I suppose the circumstances justify the proceeding, but hang it! it doesn't look like doing just the honorable thing on my part."

A little more talk on the other side, setting the father's cruelty and the lover's despair in an intenser light, succeeded in banishing all scruples from the young man's mind. It was

his duty to stand by his friend, he thought, and he agreed to say nothing about the telegram.

Derrick Howe passed that day in the sole effort to make himself agreeable to Ella Spencer. The young man was playing a desperate game, and he knew that it involved heavy risks.

So he laid his plans. Of course the next day would bring some further summons, either by telegraph or through a direct messenger from the cottage, and Derrick Howe accordingly proposed that they should the following morning make the ascent of Mount Washington. Of course everybody agreed to this, and the party started off for the ascent in high glee.

Time was now all that Derrick Howe wanted. He was Ella's cavalier on every occasion, and he saw that every hour gave him new influence over the girl.

"If he could only keep her three or four days more from her family!" setting his teeth hard as he concocted his plans.

At the Summit House he proposed what had been his original intention, that the party should descend the mountain on the other side. The whole company were now wrought up to that excited, hilarious state when they were ready for any adventure which promised novelty and merriment.

So it was settled, Derrick Howe purposely giving a wrong address for the whole party, so that any fresh telegrams for Ella should miscarry.

He succeeded in keeping the party for three days on the other side of the mountain, and then made a divergence in favor of the Profile.

So he had found, or rather stolen, his "time and opportunity." With "witchcrafts of his wit," with whatever powers and arts nature or the devil had possessed him, he had succeeded in making Ella Spencer believe herself thoroughly in love with him.

I am not certain that he had won her heart, but it really amounted for present purposes to the same thing, if she thought he had. She had persuaded herself that both she and Derrick Howe were the innocent victims of family injustice; and without actually committing himself, he had by all his words and acts tended to confirm her in this opinion. He was as adroit in declaring his love as he had been in managing his whole plot, which certainly required a good deal of skill to consummate successfully.

The party had been out just at sunset for a

sail on Echo Lake, that "embodied sympathy" of the mountains, as Starr King poetically calls it. The lake was in its tenderest, most pensive mood at that hour, "taking into its own being," and holding there still and perfect, all the colors and forms which wrought the miracle of the landscape around.

The scene and hour wrought their spell on even the light, gay party that had drifted down in search of some fresh novelty and merriment.

Whatever of fancy or sentiment Ella Spencer's youth held, it had been awakened in these last days; and her company landed from their sail on the lake in a singularly sobered mood, and moved up to the point which commanded the clear, strong Profile keeping its watch on the mountain top, "with a suggestion partly of fatigue, partly of melancholy."

The sunset filled the solemn "Stone Face" with a light that made it almost awful, giving it that rapt radiance of expression which seems to belong only to the noblest human countenances in their sublimest moods.

Ella Spencer stood leaning on Derrick Howe's arm, and gazed and gazed. He watched her face, thinking, if not in so many words yet, in spirit, that perhaps this hour had brought the time and tide which would lead him on to a large slice of the fortune of John Spencer.

"Ella," the melodious voice deepened into a tender melancholy, "I wish this hour could last forever."

She glanced up into his face—a face that women generally called handsome. It certainly looked its best at that hour. The girl's eyes were full of tears.

"Do you wish so, Ella?"

She drew a sigh.

"What is the use, Mr. Howe, of wishing in vain?"

The rest of the party had sauntered on. When could Derrick Howe have a better time? If he could only manage to make Ella commit herself by some sort of promise that should give him a hold on her before that home telegram should reach her which he had been running away from all these days?

He cursed the Fate's inwardly that he had not a little longer time, but he made a "virtue of necessity," and told his love. Of course Derrick Howe did that well. If ever man made woman believe that life without her must be to him a dreary blank, an intolerable misery, that in his eyes she was the embodiment of all superlative grace, and sweetness, and beauty, then of a certainty Derrick Howe did that thing.

And Ella listened, her self-love flattered, her fancy fired, her woman's heart—for despite all her faults and superficialities she had one—deeply touched.

And when her lover pleaded in those eloquent tones of his for some word or sign on which he might hang a faint hope for the long future, she murmured that "if it were not for the hopeless opposition of her family," and broke down into passionate sobs.

This was enough. The man took the rest for granted. All that he said afterwards was artfully calculated to stimulate the girl's indignation against her family, while he represented her and himself as the innocent and suffering victims of the most cruel injustice and prejudice.

Poor Ella! when Derrick Howe besought her after all this, not to blast the zest of that long summer by taking herself away from him, and refusing to join the party which were next week to start for a tour up Lake George, what could the girl do?

She reflected that it would never do for her to extend her journey without first returning home and gaining the consent of the powers that reigned there.

A little finesse would probably succeed in obtaining full permission for the lengthened trip, if none of her family knew who was to form the principal feature of the party.

She shrank at the thought of this wholesale deception, but Derrick Howe was at her side with his eloquent pleading, and at last she said she would go.

When they reached the Profile she found the telegram announcing Tom's arrival. Of course she must return home that morning.

Derrick Howe made the most of what time remained, implying by the tender devotion of his manner that Ella and he consciously belonged to each other.

Ella's manner, tearful, bewildered, and half reciprocal, allowed him to put the interpretation that he chose on the relation, though she neither denied nor accepted the one he claimed.

Do you think Derrick Howe was a villain in all this? He by no means regarded himself as one. I am not certain but the man had a code of honor of his own.

"Why," he would have asked, with a show of plausibility, "had he not as good a right as any other living man to woo and win Ella Spencer. It was a bargain in which she certainly would be as much the gainer as himself?"

He had as good a right, too, to a son-in-law's share of her father's money as anybody else, and a fellow was a deuced fool who wouldn't go in for the girl he wanted, and win her, too, if he was smart enough, because her family happened to oppose it."

He had a general intention, if, indeed, he ever thought of the matter at all, of making Ella Spencer a good husband, and believed himself in love with her, at least more so than with any other woman.

What was there dishonorable in all this? He—Derrick Howe—a villain!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE POET'S HYMN.

BY ELIZA H. BARKER.

Mightiest One! of life eternal! how our spirits strain to climb,

To the glory of Thy presence, on the trembling wings of time.

Thou! the great attracting centre, kindling and directing soul,

Of the universes countless, that forever round Thee roll,

In their spiral vast gyrations, tending to the changeless shore,

Of Thy own internal empire, where Thou reignest evermore.

For this fair and wide creation, wherein all can trace Thy hand,

For the glorious stars of heaven, that revolve at Thy command—

For the bright blue sky above us, fitting arch of Nature's dome,

For its gentle loving presence, ever with us as we roam,

For the green earth, and its blessings, for the beauty scattered o'er,

All its valleys and its mountains, Father! we Thy name adore.

For the rich and glowing sunlight dancing on the flowing wave,

For the brilliant perfumed flowers, which Thy gracious bounty gave,

For the ancient shadowed forests, for the harvest with its grain,

For the magic of the moonlight, for the gift of music's strain,

For our own mysterious being, that in all may Thee adore,

For the link that binds us to Thee we will bless Thee evermore.

For the faith on whose strong pinions, o'er the universe we fly,

Cleaving thro' the "Starred Dominions," to the seraphim on high;

When that vast and wondrous journey, fervent spirit hath achieved,

To the soul that soared and sought Thee, on Thy name who hath believed,

With Thy signet Thou dost seal it, as Thine own forever more,

With the "Lamb's ten thousand thousand" it Thy Godhead shall adore.

Oh! for all the countless blessings ever flowing from Thy hand,

For the sky, the stars, the sunshine, for the ocean and the land—

For the gifts material round us, for the spirit glories given,

To the soul whose strong entreaties, open wide the gates of Heaven,

For the deathless love that binds us, to the loved ones gone before,

For the death that leads us to Thee, Father, we Thy name adore.

PHILADELPHIA.

GAIT AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER.—Observing persons move slow, their heads move alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn around. Careful people lift their feet high and place them down flat and firm. Sometimes they stoop down, pick up some little obstruction and place it quietly by the side of the way. Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets and their heads slightly inclined. Modest persons generally step softly for fear of being observed. Timid persons often step off from a sidewalk on meeting another, and always go round a stone instead of stepping over it. Wide awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing to their arms, while they shake about miscellaneously.

Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes. Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the walk and then on the other. Very strong-minded persons have their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of a stamp movement. Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns. Venturous persons try all roads, frequently climb the fences instead of going through the gate, and never let down a bar. One-idea persons and very selfish ones "toe in." Cross persons are apt to hit their knees together. Good natured persons snap their fingers every few steps. Fun-loving people have a kind of jig movement.

Air, food, sleep, and cheerful emotions, are the best restoratives to exhausted nerves.

JANE'S HUSBAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

Like every other maiden, Jane Gordon cherished in her heart an image of her future bridegroom—a lofty type of manhood—brave, tender, chivalrous, pure; but unlike every other, her fancy was not ready to invest the first lover that presented himself with the noble attributes of her ideal. On the contrary, it is more than probable that Jane hardly did justice to the characters of her early suitors, for her eyes, dazzled with the splendors of her imaginary hero, failed to perceive the homely virtues of the common herd of men, and she turned from each to all with a kind of pitiful disdain, that won for her the reputation of heartlessness and an over-estimate of her own worth, and made her the subject of many a doleful prophesy and old wives' adage.

"Birds that fly high light low," croaked the knowing dames; and, "She who goes through the woods picks up a crooked stick at last."

But these wise sayings, that in application became awful prognostications, seemed not to move the young lady from her allegiance to the visionary prince, and at last—it is so marvellous a story that I can scarcely hope it will be reckoned anything but a fiction—the wonderful being did actually appear before her bodily eyes, the glorious phantom she had secretly worshipped took mortal shape and lived and moved among men; no creature of the fancy, but a real human being, of such transcendent virtues that nothing was left for imagination to supply. Is there not a sort of pitiful, unbelieving look in the faces of those sceptical wives whose Toms, Franks and Charlies have proven so very unlike the faultless men-angels of their girlish visions? Well, Jane may have been deceived, but then others were deceived with her. In general, it must be conceded, a lover's perfections are all in his maiden's eye, yet in this case it appears not to have been so. The noble qualities of this chivalric knight were universally recognized as facts, and could not, therefore, have been the illusions of a love-sick girl's imagination.

Jane was content. With her there was no such strife between reason and affection as falls to the lot of some of us. He whom her heart delighted in her judgment approved. Her ideal was fully realized. Like Shakespeare's Miranda, she had "no ambition to see

a goodlier man," and with the modest frankness of that pure and artless soul, she could have said to her honored lover—

"I am your wife if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no."

Blessed privilege of love that finds its deepest happiness in serving; yet serves not blindly, but with wisdom, seeking always the highest good of its object.

As for Percy, he could have borne logs as submissively as Ferdinand, and counted his labors pleasures, if permitted to look upon the face of his dear mistress while he executed his mean tasks, for he,

"Beyond all limit of what else I the world,
Did love, prize, honor her,"

One might say with Prospero, "Fair encounter of two most rare affections," for they did love indeed; and yet their love was far from perfectness, and only the fiery discipline of life could purge it from all taint of earthliness, and glorify it wholly. Two unchastened hearts fused together by the divine passion, they could only experience, in the beginning, the joy arising from their union, each absorbed in the delight of finding in the other affinities of thought and feeling, and harmony of purpose and action; but later would come the shock and repulsion of opposites—the jar and conflict of differences—the breaking forth of evils in temperament and habit—the unveiling of hidden frailties that neither had suspected in the other—trials in which each would be called upon to exercise an angelic patience and forbearance, and to soften and tone down those "individual peculiarities" which in so intimate a relation could not but afflict and torment the other.

Ah, but those early days of love, touched with the glory of Heaven, were symbols of the eternal bliss to come; but who, rejoicing in them, could think of the fiery tests and torturing crosses yet to be endured—the trials and the temptings that were to purify and perfect their love? The world was created anew for these happy souls, and it wore a face of immortal beauty. How large and sweet was the gift of life when they shared it together—how exalted its aims, how noble its pursuits. What

fulness of joy in it! All those empty years, when they wandered apart, seemed to them not life, but only the faintest shadow of it. And what more was the full, rich life that they so exulted in than a dim, cold shadow of the life that is to be?

It was a marvellous thing to see the ease and grace with which Jane adjusted herself to her new relation; how her proud, free spirit, that had always rebelled against the slightest infringement on her personal freedom, came to recognize no other law than the will of him she loved; how in all matters where she had hitherto acted without reference to the opinions of others, she now deferred to a judgment that if not superior to her own it was at least her privilege and delight to believe so. Nothing is sweeter than to feel an unquestioning faith in another's intelligence; no happiness greater than that of yielding to the direction of surpassing wisdom. But the faith nor the submission must not be exacted as a right; if they be so, the faith is a blind, dead faith, and the submission debases both her who yields it and him who accepts it. No arbitrary laws govern in this matter, and it is not one that can be much talked of and reasoned upon. There are some truths that will not bear rough handling; we like them better when shrouded in a vague, sweet mystery. Reverence cannot be commanded; it must be spontaneous, or it does not exist. The husband who requires that all his opinions shall be respected, and all his wishes obeyed, is seldom honored so, and seldom deserves to be. The man of true superiority, whose opinions really merit respect, and whose wishes, being images of the Divine Laws, it were religion enough to obey, is the unlikeliest to lay claims to such respect and obedience, and the likeliest to receive both.

It was in the first year of her marriage that Jane received the letter from Ambrose Harding, requesting her to take charge of his little girl—a proposal somewhat singular, but hardly surprising to one who knew his wishes concerning the child, and knew also how far it lay in Nettie's power to thwart them, without, perhaps, directly intending to do so. For Nettie was not essentially bad; she was only incapable of any deep thought or feeling, living entirely upon the surface of things, and intent upon escaping, as far as possible, all care and trouble, recking little who bore the burdens, only so she might take her ease, claiming as her share the sweets in the cup of life, letting who would drink the bitter. One

knows not whether most to blame or pity her. It was not in her selfish, frivolous nature to be faithful in any relation, or even to realize that there was any worthier aim in life than the gratification of her own pleasure. She did what she loved to do, and left undone what she loved not to do, following simply the promptings of her nature, as untroubled by questions of right and wrong as any other animal, and quite as little comprehending the need of self-compulsion in any matter distasteful to her.

Ruth, though seeming to inherit all her mother's failings, in reality did not. Highly impressible and imitative, she had caught Nettie's vices, and practised them as naturally as if they had been inbred, but they were only the fruits of the first seed cast upon soil that was capable of producing better things. The maternal faults hung about her like a garment, which, with the removal of the maternal influence, dropped away, leaving her tender mind open to receive the pure lessons of her new instructress. Under Jane's direction the little one changed very rapidly, unfolding every day new traits of character that, hitherto lying dormant, had been unsuspected even by Ambrose, whose hopes were more than fulfilled in the results of his friend's guardianship. As for the lady herself, though shrinking at first from assuming a responsibility so great as that to which she was invited, she found ere long that the habit of thinking of, caring for, and watching the development of her young charge, had rendered the child so dear that she could scarcely believe her own would be more beloved. It cannot be gainsayed, however, that when she looked into the clear eyes of her first-born, and felt its pure breath fan her cheek, a fire was kindled in her heart that had never glowed for the little Ruth; but so far from weakening her affection for the alien child, the new-comer seemed rather to quicken her love, being to her a sweet interpreter of duties hitherto unrecognized, teaching her, unconsciously, lessons of patience and self-sacrifice—the golden attainments of motherhood.

Two years of Jane Percy's wedded life passed away without a cloud to mar her almost perfect happiness—almost, I say, for I suppose incomplete as this. There must always be some stinging nettle pricks to torture one, even if there be no cruel sword thrusts for the heart. But Jane had suffered no such humiliation as few in her relation are so fortunate as

to escape. She had not been called upon to palliate and overlook any unsuspected imperfection in her husband; those years of intimate association with her idol had in no wise abated her reverence for him, or in any manner disappointed her hopes; his noble, magnanimous nature seemed free from all petty meannesses and contemptible weaknesses such as mar the characters of so many of us, and try so fearfully the love of those with whom we are associated.

Nevertheless, Allan Percy had one failing that seemed given him as the "thorn in the flesh" was given to Paul to remind him that he was only mortal, and that his strength was not in himself, "lest he should be exalted above measure," and become a fool in glorying. Against this infirmity, known, perhaps, only to God and himself, he sternly and silently fought, but failed to conquer, finding his sole safety in avoiding temptation, daring not openly to brave the secret and terrible foe, and defy its fearful power. If there be not in such weakness sufficient to humble the proudest, most aspiring spirit, then, please God, may none of us learn humility. Were it possible once to boldly meet and overcome an enemy, strength would be gathered for fresh resistance and more brilliant victories; but to be compelled to flee temptation in order not to fall a prey to it, to triumph over evil only by keeping out of the way of it, is destructive of self-respect, and humiliating to the last degree. One could wish for grace to confront bravely the thing dreaded—for courage to venture boldly, and prudence to walk safely upon the adversary's ground—for spiritual might to resist all evil persuasions, and vanquish one's wicked tempters, even as an angel, by the power of a look, is said to put to flight a legion of devils.

Out of the reach of temptation, Allan Percy suffered little from his secret infirmity; only the knowledge of its existence sometimes troubled his thoughts and rendered him fearful that in an unguarded moment he might yield to some sudden enticement, and fall a victim to the hidden vice that like a wild beast seemed lying in wait for prey. He was as one who walks upon the verge of a precipice, and knows that a single misstep will plunge him headlong to the rocky chasm below; still, with a man's assurance, he trusted in his strength, or rather in his vigilance to escape all threatening dangers, and in this faith had ventured to take upon himself the keeping of another's happiness, the preserva-

tion of another's peace. And she, the adoring wife, from whom this living terror was hidden, who dreamed not that the heart on which she confidently leaned held a secret which she did not share, and was torn with a passion that she could not conceive, trusted in her chosen with that complete, unquestioning, happy, restful faith, than which nothing in the world is more blessed, and without which love cannot be perfect or in any degree satisfying. Abandoning herself utterly to the bliss of BELIEVING, she lived in unspeakable content, with no fear or care to trouble her deep tranquillity, except that she herself might fail to merit the rich blessings so freely bestowed on her, (who did ever merit his blessings?) and wound or offend the love of which she ever counted herself unworthy, for in true affection there is always humility.

I am dealing too much in preliminaries. The reader begins to wonder if anything is to come of all this tiresome preluding. But my pen puts off the record of an unpleasant event as its owner would put off the event itself.

The heaviest sorrows are those which fall unexpectedly, or, perhaps, it is because they fall unexpectedly that they seem so deeply afflictive. What we are prepared for we may meet with calmness if not with resignation; but an unanticipated blow stuns us completely. Jane's trouble came without premonition. It fell (to use a worn-out comparison) like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

Percy had gone out of town for a day's recreation, an indulgence which he did not often grant himself, being one of those incessant workers who literally fulfil the command to labor, and feel ill at ease of a holiday; but yielding, on this occasion, to wife's persuasions, he joined a party of male friends who had planned an excursion to a country place a few miles distant, famous in its attractions for anglers and sportsmen.

Not anticipating his return until a late hour, Mrs. Percy suffered no anxiety as the evening, which she was unaccustomed to spending alone, rolled away without bringing home the pleasure-seeker. She endeavored to deaden her consciousness of the wearisome time in the fascinations of a pleasant book; but with indifferent success; the charm for once failed her; either she lacked the hearty sympathy of her usual listener, or the matter was undeniably stupid, and needed the music of an absent voice to give it a tinge of interest. Her thoughts continually wandered from the subject under discussion to the truant husband

who, it seemed to her, had been gone a month, and every sense was on the alert to catch the first sound that should give token of his approach. Growing disgusted at last with this pretended occupation she flung her book aside, and entered the room where her children lay quietly sleeping in a soft, subdued light, Jamie with his rings of raven hair clustering damply about his broad white forehead, the roses in his dimpled cheeks blossoming wide and glowing in a crimson flame, the dainty pearls in his baby mouth gleaming whitely through the slightly parted lips, and his round, polished limbs thrust in the restlessness of childhood from the flowing night draperies; and in her snowy bed, Ruth, like a water-lily, with her yellow hair afloat on the pillow, and her curling lashes lying goldenly on her delicately flushed cheeks, the scarlet line of her wee, sweet mouth curved in a dreamer's smile, and her hands, like exquisite sea-shells with rosy tintings, rising and falling with the tide of life that heaved her little bosom, made a picture unlike that of her foster brother, but not less beautiful even to the partial mother's eye. How sacred seemed the place with its unearthly stillness, broken only by the soft, regular breathing of the innocent sleepers, over whom one could not but feel God's holy angels were tenderly hovering. The woman's heart expanded with love and gratitude as she gazed from one to the other of her precious charges, forgetting all the trouble and vexation they had caused her through the day, remembering no more how weary she had been in body and in soul with Jamie's petulance and Ruth's importunities, and how the waywardness of both had tried her patience almost beyond the limit of endurance. Face to face with herself, there in the solemn silence of the night, wherein one seems to see things more in heaven's light, she felt, to the profoundest depths of her soul, the magnitude of her blessings, the sacredness and sweetness of the trust reposed in her, and in an ecstasy of thankfulness she fell upon her knees, voiceless from the intensity of her emotion; but God knows the language of such prayers.

Thus another hour went over more swiftly than the preceding ones, and still Allan lingered away. The sounds of active life were dying slowly out in the quiet portion of the town where the Percys dwelt; only now and then a voice or a footfall in the street broke the strange, awe-inspiring silence of the breathless autumn night. With a last fond look at her slumbering darlings, Jane returned to the room where she had spent the earlier part of the evening, and extinguishing the light, flung open the shutters, and sat down by the unclosed window to watch and wait. The sky was without a cloud, and the increasing moon threw down a flood of radiance that rendered all near objects distinct to her vision, but the distance seemed full of moving shadows, and the air, so preternaturally calm, was pregnant with suggestions of sound. On such a night, one is a watcher per force, listening with strained ears to hear—one knows not *what*. How long she sat there, with partially suspended breath, gazing fixedly into the vague distance, Jane could never tell; expectation made her unconscious of the flight of time. Every moment she looked to see the beloved form advancing from the chaos of phantom shapes that perpetually mocked and deceived her, every moment she thought to hear a well-known step ring clearly on the pavement below, but no actual sound came to her intently listening ears except an occasional shout or bacchanalian strain from some noisy reveller in the far off dens of drink. A shudder went over her as these echoes from a lower world smote upon her senses; but her heart thrilled with thanksgiving too; as she remembered that he on whom her earthly happiness depended was no frequenter of the haunts of vice, that upon all occasions, with a bitterness and vehemence that sometimes surprised her, he denounced those who traffic in the beverage of hell, having the power to transform men into idiots and devils. Oh, had she not deep cause for gratitude? God was so infinitely good, she said. Never had she felt so profoundly the blessedness of her lot, never had she bowed her head with such intense thankfulness as upon that night, thinking, as she sat alone, of all Heaven's mercies.

If all things do not come to an end, some things do, and among them this lady's anxious waiting, and the story of it, not to speak of the reader's patience which it were, perhaps, an impoliteness to do. Something came out of the darkness at last, wavering and indistinct, seeming, at first, only one of the Elfín shadows that had cheated the watcher so many times, but proving on nearer approach to be the figure of a man moving unsteadily as from faintness or excessive weariness. It was not her husband, Jane decided at once, but she leaned from the window breathlessly to watch the strange pedestrian advancing with slow, uncertain steps, swaying from side to side, and grasping desperately at whatsoever promised support, until he reached a position nearly

opposite the observer, where he paused, looking up at the house with some apparent doubt and hesitation. Standing so, the rays of the moon fell directly upon the man's face.

Jane's heart gave a quick leap, and then stood suddenly still. It was Percy. He was mortally hurt—he was deathly sick, was her instantaneous thought as she fled along the passage, bounded down the stairs, and with hasty, trembling hands unlocked the door, outside of which the ailing gentleman, having satisfied himself that this was a correct place to take night lodgings, was awkwardly fumbling for the bell, which appeared to be "not at home" to him.

"In Heaven's name what is the matter with you?" cried the frightened wife, putting forth her hand to assist the good man over the threshold. He mumbled some unintelligible words as he availed himself of her proffered help, evidently intending them as some sort of explanation, but his confused utterance served only to alarm the devoted heart more deeply. To ascend the stairs she perceived would be an impossibility, and shaking like one in an ague fit, and near to fainting with her great fear, she drew him into the parlor, where with some farther incoherent muttering he reeled upon the sofa, and presently sank away into a state of insensibility. As Jane bent down, threading her fingers through his damp hair, and searching his face by the light that streamed faintly in from the hall, his breath, like fire, touched her cheek, and the sickness of death came over her. She staggered back as if he had dealt her a brutal blow, shuddering, and striving to hide from her eyes the face whose idiotic expression she would never be able to forget. She had got the truth at last. The man was drunk. I know the word is shocking. I suppose I might state the case in milder terms. I could say that he was somewhat intoxicated—that he had taken a glass too much—that he was overcome by the stupefying influences of strong drink (!), but, to speak the unvarnished truth in unvarnished language—he was *drunk*. That word tells the whole story of his shame and degradation, loss of manhood, the temporary death of the soul, the blotting out of the Divine likeness, the reduction from a human to a beastly state, the entire surrender of the body to an infernal crew who may freely enter in and possess. Oh, Allan Percy, where were all your royal gifts of mind, and your great goodness of heart in that hour? The bloated, beastly god of intemperance had drunken them

up. It was a body without a soul that lay there in that awful stupor ten times worse than death to the horror-stricken woman, whose strength had failed to carry her out of sight of it. If consciousness had also failed—if she could have lost her woe a moment in oblivion!—but she was one of those unfortunates keenly alive to suffering, and whose every sense seems sharpened and intensified by pain.

She had so revered the man and leaned upon his strength, that in his debasement she felt herself debased, and suffered the deepest humiliation that can be suffered or conceived. To have looked upon his grave would not have wrung her heart as did the sight of his degradation. Perhaps, had she known the circumstances by which he was brought to such a plight, some tender pity would have mingled with the natural feeling of repugnance with which she regarded him, but her thought never wondered how her trouble came; enough that it was come. In the first shock of sorrow one does not question *why* it is, but feels only that it is—it is.

Percy had not broken his vow of abstinence through the persuasions of wine-bibbing friends; these he had so long resisted that they had ceased even to move him. But in an inherited love of drink spoke a voice so persuasive that he had perpetually to be upon his guard against it, avoiding all situations and proximities in which it could make its appeal with advantage. Only his constant vigilance and the strength of his iron will had saved him from becoming a confirmed drunkard years before. His vigilance, his strength—had these saved him? He believed so. Was he permitted to fall that he might learn the folly of trusting in his own prudence—his own power? God knoweth.

The tempter comes upon us, sometimes, unawares in unexpected ways, and so came he upon Percy. His watchful enemy took him, as it were, by stratagem. Returning from his pleasure excursion, the horse he was driving became so unmanageable through sudden fright that all attempts at restraint were abandoned as useless, and with the breaking of the light vehicle to which the animal was attached, he and his companion were thrown violently to the ground. The latter, picking himself hastily up, and discovering that beyond a slight bruise or two he had sustained no injury, proceeded at once to investigate the case of Percy, who was lying in a senseless condition a rod or more in advance. Upon examination it did not appear that he had suffered any bodily

hurt, but was merely stunned by the violence of his fall, and with chuckle at thought of the joke he was about to play upon his abstinent friend, the young man produced from his pocket the charmed bottle which had so enlivened his spirits during the day, and poured a portion of its contents down the throat of the prostrate man, who even in his insensibility swallowed the fiery liquid with greed, feeling, may be, as he came slowly out of his unconscious state, and opened his eyes upon the figure bending over him, as Caliban when he looked on Stephano, and tasted of his bottle, "That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor."

The magic potion had not only the effect of arousing him from his stupor, but it awakened also the mad thirst that never failed to tempt him with every opportunity for gratification. That awful fire, raging and burning now with renewed force, could be quenched only with drink. Drink! drink! clamored the demon within him, and reason, paralyzed by his physical shock, refused to act; the faces of wife and child faded from memory; their tender voices died upon his ear; the pure spirits that had attended him receded, and his evil familiar reigned. Arrived in town, he was ready for bestial revelry; any excess which the wildest of his fellows might have proposed he would have plunged into with the maddest, yea, he could himself propose and lead; and old veterans in vice, who had striven in vain to corrupt him, stood appalled at the man's frenzy; he seemed literally possessed with a devil. Thus in one night he lost forever the restraining influence he had hitherto exerted over some of his younger associates, and by practice destroyed what good he had inculcated by theory. This is the story of his fall. I do neither acquit nor condemn, but leave judgment of the man with men.

Morning came faintly in through the closed shutters ere Jane could gather strength to move from the chair into which she had nervelessly fallen on the discovery that had stricken the life from her soul, and the blood from her face. Shudderingly averting her eyes from the senseless occupant of the sofa, she feebly crossed the room where in an hour she seemed to have suffered an eternity of torture, and passing the door, closed, and securely locked it, the woman's instinct to conceal her husband's shame fully alive, even while she reeled under the stunning blow, slowly and with sinking heart she dragged herself up to her chamber, and sat down among the phantoms of her last night's joys. Ah, was not the present

woe hard enough to bear without the contrast of past happiness? But in the beginning of our troubles we make the most of them, you know, torturing ourselves in a thousand unnecessary ways; later, when grief becomes a familiar acquaintance, we are glad enough to escape all reflections and mental contrasts that harrow our souls and open our wounds afresh.

The stir of life beginning to sound through the house at length aroused the lady to a sense of her duties as its mistress. To move among her household precisely as if nothing had happened—that was the course marked out for her, and for many a true woman who, in deepest mental affliction, walks in it unflinchingly. How sweetly sounded baby's chirruping "Goo' morn' mamma," from the inner room, and then, how like a knife to her heart came the companion salutation, "Papa, goo' morn'." Oh, she had never thought to wish her darling dead, but what if she should live to see him, in the glory and strength of manhood, lying in that fearful stupor of drink, sadder to look upon than the sleep of death? "Heavenly Father, if it must come to that, in Thy infinite mercy take him," was the cry of her soul as she hid her pallid face in his pillow.

"Mamma Percy, why don't you say good morning to your daughter?" cried Ruth jealously, and the blood rushed hotly into the foster-mother's cheeks, and her eyelids drooped as she crossed to the little girl's side, and gave her the usual affectionate greeting. How morbid she was! For her life she could not meet the child's clear eyes without a feeling of shame. So keen was the sense of her disgrace that it seemed she must stand forever after with downcast mien in the presence of every human creature.

The wretched morning passed slowly, oh, so slowly, but it passed, and without betraying her secret. To the inquiries of the domestics as to whether the master had returned, she answered, with adherence to the spirit rather than to the strict letter of truth, that he was not returned; to their free remarks respecting her miserable appearance, she replied that she was ill, and here, Heaven knows she spoke the truth both in spirit and in letter.

It was near noon when she summoned courage to go down and look after the condition of her prisoner. He was sitting up, his face hidden in his hands, his attitude one of profound melancholy. An impulse of pity moved the wife's heart, and she went swiftly towards him, with love ready to drop in sympathetic

words from her lips; then he lifted his head, she saw his blood-shot eyes, his swollen face, his disordered dress, and under the strong feeling of repulsion that came over her, she turned and fled, leaving him standing as he had risen, with hands deprecatingly outstretched, and lips parted to entreat forgiveness and offer explanation. Then was the time when the constant heart of the wife failed to direct her. Living with her husband, hitherto, under the perfect law of love, acting in all things purely from affection, she could not, on this sudden necessity, yield to the cold, compulsory force of duty, and do what her heart did not prompt. Still, then was the time for confession, absolution, and reconciliation; then was the time for the exaction of solemn promises, the sealing of holy covenants, the speaking of strengthening words, the revival and bracing up of a shattered purpose and a lost hope. How much evil and suffering might have been prevented had the wife's action been different that morning it were impossible to tell; but, poor heart! she could not at once adjust herself to the new relation which this swift transition from reverence to pity brought.

A groan escaped Percy's lips as the sound of retreating feet died on his ear, but he had not the courage to follow and force upon her his insufficient apologies. Seized with the mad desire to get away from himself, and too wretched and reckless to think of or care for his appearance, he picked up his hat—fortunately, one of the kind that seem capable of carrying any amount of "bricks" and still present a respectable appearance next day—and hurriedly left the house, unobserved even by the watchful wife, who was struggling desperately for self-composure, and the necessary grace to sustain an interview from which she could not help but shrink.

Walking moodily down the street in a listless, shuffling manner, totally unlike his usual firm, brave bearing, aiming at no destination, and taking no heed of the familiar faces that passed him, the stinging self-accusations that he had rushed forth to escape followed him with increasing power of torment, and with every step he grew more miserable, more reckless and abandoned. Nerves completely unstrung by the night's dissipation; pride utterly humbled by his shameful fall; ambition thoroughly crushed by the overwhelming sense of his degradation, and the morbid feeling that he could never regain the height he had lost; heart cut to the quick by his wife's shuddering

aversion, more wounding than the keenest reproaches would have been; and life altogether so weary a burden that to be rid of it seemed the only desirable thing, the temptation to self-destruction naturally presented itself, and he paused unconsciously in his walk, head bent, body motionless, thought intent upon the means by which he could quietly put himself out of the way, and bury forever the crushing sense of his disgrace. Some one rudely jostled him in passing; he lifted his head, looked about him; right before him yawned the door of a grog-shop, like an open mouth of hell—and again his unappeasable appetite clamored—why should he resist? One transgression makes another more easy, and then, he was so wretched—so wretched—it might bring forgetfulness, he muttered, and—he went in and drank. * * * * *

Of the days that followed I will not weary the reader with minute description. Percy, with the memory of that swift look of loathing and disgust which he had seen in the face of his wife holding him aloof from her, did not darken the doors of his home; and she, so utterly crushed in spirit, and yet wearing a brave front, and keeping at arms' length the friends by courtesy, who seemed to have taken that particular season to afflict her with their remembrance, suffered tenfold from the struggle to conceal her suffering, which, nevertheless, was legibly written on her lovely countenance. But it would have been a dangerous thing to have offered her sympathy in that time. Whosoever had attempted it would have gained her lasting enmity. Some natures cannot endure commiseration, least of all from officious and meddling persons.

Nearly a week had passed in this indescribably wretched fashion, and to add to Mrs. Percy's trouble there began to crowd upon her mind the conviction that she was in some measure accountable for her husband's continued absence, that the unconcealed and, for the moment, uncontrollable aversion to his presence had driven him from his home, and left him open to temptations, which her love, had it not failed him at his need, might have warded off.

Perhaps it was from the increasing pressure of this apprehension that the impulse seized her, late one night, to go in quest of him. Almost wild with conjectures concerning his strange conduct, and with self-upbraidings for her own share in his guilt, she started from the watch which she had nightly kept for him since that fatal pleasure-day, (ages and

ages ago it seemed), and, without stopping to think or reason about the propriety of her action, she caught up a shawl, and twisting it about her head, glided from the house and sped swiftly down the street, hurried on by a force for which she could not have accounted even had she thought to consider it. We talk much about the directing hand of Providence, but we never recognize it in our present action. There seems nothing at all miraculous in our proceeding—the idea that we are impelled by any supernatural power does not even occur to us, and it is only when we glance back at the perilous straits we have passed, and the unknown dangers we have safely escaped, that we are able to see and acknowledge the grand truth that we are divinely led. And so the unhappy wife, speeding on through the misty night, knew not that the angel of God directed her steps, and that her purpose to find her husband was the providential means by which he was to be rescued from deeper crime.

Her courage almost failed her as she drifted into unfamiliar streets, driven like a leaf before the wind, and just as little knowing whither she was tending—to what haunt of sin and shame her errand might fetch her at last. The lurid light from rum-cellars shot over and under her path like the gleam of infernal fires; foul oaths, brutal laughter, and snatches of obscene songs smote upon her ear; rude passers jostled against her and peered insolently in her face as she flew along, borne forwards by the impulse that had urged her forth; on, and still on, without rest or pause, until at the corner of a street she was arrested by the sound of a voice which her quick sense recognized even amid the tumult of voices that proceeded from the drinking and gambling saloon close at hand. The tone, hoarse and passionate, boded evil, and quick as thought she turned and darted into the house, startling the groups of men gathered about the entrance, as if she had been a visitant from another world. Only Percy and his opponent, glaring at each other in that instant's portentous calm that precedes desperate deeds, failed to observe her, and overcome by the spell of horror that seemed to have fallen upon all, she stood a moment motionless as a statue in the clear space which the shrinking occupants of the hall had left her. Then a swift movement of her husband's arm—the sharp click of a gleaming weapon in his hand broke the evil enchantment that bound her, and with the speed of light she darted forward and dashed aside the murderous aim, sending the deadly

shot crashing among the half-drained decanters, upon the gaming table. Percy staggered back, dropping the deadly instrument which he had carried about him through all those wretched days, waiting for the moment when desperation should nerve his hand to use it against himself, but little dreaming that he should ever lift it against the life of another.

"In God's name, wife, how came you here?" he faltered, consciousness of the time, place, and the evil thing he was about to do, rushing suddenly upon him.

"God sent me, I think," she answered, as the thought of her wild flight through that strange and dangerous locality, where she had never before ventured, flashed on her mind, together with the perception of the deadly sin she had been the chosen instrument to avert. "God sent me to save you," she repeated, her countenance glowing with love and gratitude, but even as she spoke the unnatural strength which had sustained her began to give way, and trembling in every limb from exhaustion and excitement, she reeled and would have fallen had not Percy put forth his arm to support her, noticing, with a swift thrill of joy, even in that troubled moment, that she did not shrink from him.

"Take me home, dear—take me home," she murmured, as she leaned heavily upon him, and he whom upbraidings would have maddened—whom scorn would have driven on to deeper crime—whom grave, stern rebuke would not even have moved, felt every noble instinct of manhood awakened by this helpless appeal to his care and protection. The man's own strength could not save him, but, under God, the woman's weakness did.

How Jane reached home she could never clearly tell. She was conscious of the night wind blowing on her cheek, remembered something of being lifted into a carriage—of feeling the close pressure of her husband's arms—of hearing mingled words of tenderness and self-accusation fall from his lips; then came forgetfulness, in which centuries and centuries seemed to pass, then again gleams of partial consciousness, to find herself still rolling over an interminable road that wound like a girdle round eternity. Of arriving at any destination she had no recollection, and for days and weeks reason struggled in eclipse, and life was a total void.

But Percy's madness was all gone. His demon was dispossessed. God drew very near to him in that time, and he felt His power as the afflicted of old, when they stood in His

visible presence, and besought Him to cast out their devils. To the prayers that he sent up from the bedside of the unconscious wife the Merciful One was not deaf; and to the solemn vows that he breathed there in a humble, reverent spirit, the angels of Heaven were witnesses, and compassed round about him as a holy guard, a rock and tower of defense against temptation.

And so, with the return of health to body and mind, content abided once more with the husband and wife—a deeper content than either had ever known, because built upon a surer

foundation. Whether all this suffering was needed to heal the one of his infirmity and draw the other from her idolatrous worship, I cannot tell—God knoweth—but this I can affirm, the lives of both were purer, sweeter, richer, for the trial—not externally, perhaps, for they could scarcely act in stricter obedience to moral laws than they had done before that fiery temptation and sudden fall—but within was felt that inexpressible calm which is borne of an unflinching faith in and reliance on the Divine Providence.

“LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.”

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

“Where it is only myself to suffer, I do not care,” said Mrs. Burton.

Can this be so? Can we suffer much or long without involving others in our suffering? It may be pain of body. We cannot suffer it alone and have those about us just as happy as if we ourselves were happy and serene. Physical pain hinders our power of action, it prevents our doing the good to others we might do, besides our suffering reacting upon others, if there are any to care for us.

We tie ourselves voluntarily with chains when we resign privileges that are rightfully ours, or place ourselves in circumstances that will hinder our advance in any excellence, or lessen our power to do good to others.

Here is the case of Mrs. Burton. At the death of her husband she was pleasantly situated in a comfortable home about five miles from the city. There were twenty-five acres of ground attached to it, an orchard of fine fruit, a garden that contained, besides ornamental shrubs and plants, various small fruits in their season. Her table was always supplied with fresh vegetables in their time; she had a cow that furnished abundant milk and cream, hens that gave her fresh eggs. These are “creature comforts,” but they help present enjoyment, and are important to health.

Mrs. Burton did not live merely to minister to the wants of the body, though she was an excellent housekeeper, and everything about her was arranged upon the best plan. The “help” she had was always orderly, well-trained, obedient. They were the wonder and envy of the neighboring women. They did

not see how Mrs. Burton always had her girls do just right. This seemed to be brought about without any effort on her part. They seemed to fall into these ways naturally when they came to live with her.

So Mrs. Burton was an excellent manager withal. Not one of those who sometimes pass for such for their bustling ways, and who wish their will to be law to all around them, *because it is their will*, and not because they are anxious for the welfare of others.

Mrs. Burton, we see, had all the appliances of comfort, and she was skilful to apply them for the comfort of others. It was her greatest delight to do so. The law of kindness ruled her life—all around her felt its soothing, healing influence. They basked in it as in the sun, it refreshed them as the dew of heaven. It was literally an elixir to the blood and marrow to the bones.

But, as I said, Mrs. Burton did not merely minister to outward comfort; her skill extended beyond this. She could counsel, guide, and warn. Everyone who came within the sphere of her influence was made better by it, higher, purer, nobler, more correct in outward conduct. Unconsciously, in a measure they were modified by the purity and goodness that was in her, and which breathed around her, as inanimate bodies take symmetrical shapes from musical sounds.

Her mind was well stored with information upon useful subjects. She had read and studied, and gleaned here and there, yet without neglecting any of the active duties of life. She was a skilful nurse; she knew how to apportion the air and the light, to prepare a nice

morsel to tempt the appetite, to cheer by her own cheerfulness, and to pay all those delicate attentions so grateful and beneficial to the sick.

In truth, her house was a sort of hospital. She had a large, pleasant room set apart for a sick room, and it was her delight to have some one of her invalid friends or relatives occupy it, so that she could minister to them. Many a sinking one has been brought back to life, and happiness, and usefulness, in this way. Many a fever has been ward off by a little timely care in the beginning from her hands.

She delighted to promote the enjoyment of children, and at the same time she reproofed, gently, anything like vulgarity she saw in them, any injustice or unkindness in their intercourse among themselves. So she made them better, while she pleased them.

She had an income sufficient to enable her to live independently, and advance the good of others that she loved, in her own way. This should have been her life work. We shall see how she was turned aside from it.

She was about fifty-five years of age at the death of her husband, vigorous, youthful in appearance and feeling, enjoying with as keen a zest as ever—keener than in her youth, for all her faculties and sensibilities had been refined and enlarged, and made more receptive of enjoyment—all the true pleasures of life. Thus she was fitted to strengthen and to warm, to direct and to cheer.

She had a married sister, fifteen years younger than herself. She had two sons and a daughter married, and they all lived in a city at some distance from her home. She had a young daughter of fifteen with her. Florence, for that was her name, was sickly. She had met with a fall some years before by which her spine had been injured. She had been a healthy girl naturally, but nothing but the most enlightened care on the part of her mother, the most judicious regimen, had saved her from the peril her health was in from this accident. She was not strong and robust, and probably never would be.

Mrs. Burton had a housekeeper, a cousin, about her own age; or rather this cousin shared housekeeping cares with her. This prevented her being so burdened with material cares that she could not give proper means of doing things. It gave her an opportunity to seek and adopt the best in the arrangements of her household, and the comfort of its inmates, as well as to give thought to a higher good. Who can calculate the good accomplished by

an influence like this—how far it will extend? One person made better and happier makes others better and happier, and so on infinitely.

But people are prone in this world to desire a change when things are as well as they can be. They desire it for themselves, they desire it for their friends; restlessly overturning what was right and best in their endeavors to try to make things better. Mrs. Burton had friends of this sort. How often our friends prove our direst enemies in their mistaken zeal to serve us.

The foundation of things was assailed in this way. People said—her acquaintances—why does Mrs. Burton continue to live there alone, away from all her relatives? How lonely she must be. How much better it would be, I should think, if she would sell or rent her place and go and live with her children and her sister. They would be so glad to have her, and she could do so much good in their families; such a woman as she is, so active for the good of others. What a blessing she would prove to them all, besides relieving herself of so much care in managing her affairs. Yes, she would then literally "go about doing good," they said, "and be so much happier herself, and make others so." These people did not see things from a selfish point of view, but they did not see quite far enough.

These remarks were made to her daughters, to her sister. They began to think it over. "Why, yes, why would it not be a good plan for mother to break up and come and live among us?" they said. "Now we can see her only once a year when we go down to visit her, except the little flying visit she makes us; then we could have her all the time, some one of us, and it would be so pleasant. Sister Florence, too. I believe it would be a benefit to her health to come here for the vacations, instead of going to that lonesome place in the country." (Florence was to spend two years at school). And they determined to try and persuade their mother to break up and come and live with them.

No need to detail the influences that were brought to bear to effect this purpose, when it was once formed. All set to work towards it, sons, daughter, sister, and it was effected sooner and more thoroughly than they had even dared to hope. The place was sold, the money invested in her son's business in the city, and she began her new way of life—living in other people's houses. We shall see how it came out—this cherished plan. It ended in disap-

pointment, like many others that are not founded upon the highest good.

All went well for a time. It was so delightful, they all thought, to have mother with them; it was so pleasant to the children to have grandma there. She was always doing little kind offices for them, she directed them by her counsel, her taste and judgment were their guides.

It did not remain so always. Dissatisfaction crept in. The girls of ten or twelve, became young ladies of fifteen or eighteen, and were wayward, and had ways of their own. Grandma's influence waned. In one instance another relative came into the house, a cousin (it was at the house of one of her sons), to whom grandma's influence was repugnant, and she tried to lessen it. She succeeded. It seemed strange, but such things are. If one was sick, not grandma's way, but Cousin Alice's was adopted. She succeeded by a sort of will-force, as many people do, without much moral or mental power, or any great degree of intelligence. She swayed others to her will, because it was her will, not from any real foresight or desire for their good. Mrs. Burton shrank from contention, and she gradually withdrew her efforts for the good of others, her suggestions for their good. Her popularity and her power decreased, even with her own children, without any falling off of the qualities that had once produced them. So she gradually descended from her high place as director of the destinies of others, and it was taken by those who had not the interest of others so much at heart, and were not so well qualified to promote it.

Then she began to reflect whether she had not made a misstep—whether it was too late now to rectify it. Would it not have been better for Florence if she had kept her own home? Florence had a permanent home with her sister, who had only one child, a son nearly her age. She had "advantages," as they are called, of society, that she could not have had in her own home, but was she as happy?

This question weighed heavily upon her mother now. Had she not resigned a true good for an apparent one? Had she not given her own fullest freedom and that of her daughter, for a dwarfed and constrained position, where she could not assume her true height and proportions, where, perhaps, her daughter could not attain hers?

She had not long to reflect or decide upon a new course of action. An event occurred which put it out of her power. Her son failed. Her

money went with his own. She was helpless now, and with all her firmness and equal poise, she was almost despondent. It was for Florence she feared most, felt most. But Florence cheered her mother, did not seem much affected by this change. Could it be that the great love she bore her mother, led her to suppress her bitter feelings, and gave her power to do so?

Great wealth does not always bring happiness, is true as trite, but to be suddenly reduced to a state of dependence from comparative affluence, is a sad calamity. Not for the loss of prestige in the eyes of the world, but for the power of doing good that is taken from us, the galling sense of being a burden to others. Florence did not repine, she seemed to have an uncommon cheerfulness in her new condition, she kept up her mother's spirits by the hopeful view she took of things. Was it assumed—this apparent hopefulness, that her mother need not depend on her account?

It was never known, but not long after this misfortune occurred—not many weeks even—Florence began to grow pale and weak, she sank into a low nervous fever. No medicine or care seemed to have any effect upon her. She never complained, but sank lower and lower. Then her mother had a wild longing for her old home, the home she had lost, thrown away, she thought. Florence would revive if she could once be carried into its shades, drink of the cool, pure water there, and partake of its refreshing fruits, she felt sure. But it had passed into strange hands, it was not the same home it had been once, probably, at any rate it could never more be a home of hers.

Florence died in the bright summer time, and left her mother's heart desolate. She became a sad, dispirited old woman. Cut off from active duties, that afforded full scope for her powers, they drooped. Deep lines of suffering were traced upon her face. "Where it is only myself to suffer, I do not care," she said to a friend. But had not her suffering entailed much suffering upon others—much loss? She had put it out of her power to do good to others in the degree she used to. She was not treated unkindly in the families of her children, but she could not carry out there her plans for the good of others. She could not even minister to the needs of those around her in her own way, which was the best way. Others ruled. She must do things by halves, or piecemeal. Wrong passed under her eyes, and she could not crush it, she could not

champion the weak, the oppressed, as she had always done, for there are wrongs in social and domestic life that pass unnoticed that work more harm than many glaring evils that employ the philanthropist. He is the greatest philanthropist who works here. He does not work in the eye of the world, he does not work for applause. He does not gain it. He raises dislike perhaps, instead. In this way Mrs. Burton had worked much good, by always declaring herself on the side of truth, and justice, and mercy, in little things, as well as great. She won love, too, for she could act herself, harmoniously, in her own sphere, and this deepened her power. Had she not erred in putting all this power to do good away from her?

LAY SERMONS.

ONE OF THE MISERABLES.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Steele, with quite as much contempt as pity.

"The world hasn't used him very well," remarked a gentleman who was standing near.

"Cant!" ejaculated Mr. Steele. He was a blunt, rough man, whom gold—he was worth over a million of dollars—could not polish. "The world uses no one ill. It is from men's abuse of what the world offers them that their bad fortune comes. I started even with Hay, and there was a time in our lives when he shot ahead of me. But he is one of the kind that stumbles. He ran well, but didn't look to his steps. Like the old philosopher, while intent on the stars he fell into a ditch. He had too many notions in his head. Tried to be a man of taste as well as a man of business. Was fond of looking after the public weal, to the neglect of private weal. Thirty years ago, I told him he was a fool for all this, and prophesied that he would come out at the little end of the horn. But he shrugged his shoulders, saying that there were two ways to success in the world; and that while I travelled my way, he would keep to his. You see to what the two ways have brought us."

And Mr. Steele spread himself with the air of a man who felt large and comfortable.

"Poor devil!" he added, after a pause, recurring again to the person about whom he had been speaking. "I cannot but pity him. He looks completely down at the heel, and out at the elbows. What a miserable life he must lead! Why don't such people die and be done with it?"

"Mr. Hay is an upright and an honorable man," said the person with whom Mr. Steele was conversing.

"Perhaps he is," was the sneering retort. "And yet I have one or two pieces of paper, with his promise to pay attached, which the notary dishonored years ago. I should not think much of my honor if such things stood against me. But different men have different ideas on these subjects. I belong to the old school, and call things by old names."

"Believe in jails, and protest against exemption laws," said the other.

"Yes. You've hit me exactly," was sharply answered, with a display of teeth that looked dangerous. "Your fine gentlemen at the State Capitol progress wonderfully. You would think every rascal of them over head and ears in debt."

"Why so?"

"Humph! Don't they legislate for the benefit of debtors, and against creditors? Every new law is a blow at property, and renders it less secure."

Mr. Steele was on his hobby, and it ran away with him. We shall not weary ourselves nor the readers by following. There is another object in view. Let us get a little nearer to this Mr. Hay—this miserable, out at the elbow, down at the heel "poor devil," as the millionaire pronounced him—and see how the case really stands. He has not been a successful man, so far as business is concerned. Somehow, it always went wrong with him. Those who looked on and saw his manner of conducting business—shrewd, calculating men of the world, we mean—were at no loss touching the causes of his misfortunes. There were causes, however, lying too deep for their eyes. He meant well. All his ends were honest and honorable. He was no sluggard—no idler. He brought an active mind into everything he undertook. But there was always some defect of calculation, or some combination of circumstances, that wrought adversely to his interests. If he happened to have an overstock of certain goods, prices were almost sure to fall. This occurred in two instances where Mr. Steele, then in the same business, had scarcely any stock of the suddenly depreciated articles. He knew, so he said, that there would be a fall, and so had his shelves cleared. This might have been so. At any rate, Mr. Steele took credit to himself, and sneered at his unfortunate neighbor.

So it went with Mr. Hay. He had life, will, energy. He ran with the rest, but was of those who stumbled often. At sixty he was down, and too exhausted and weak to struggle up again.

"One of the miserales!" Our friend, the man

of millions, would agree with you. But the human mind is a wonderful thing, and wonderfully related. A spiritual organism, drawing its life from sources above the visible and material, it is in the perpetual effort to build for itself a dwelling of other substance than wood or stone. It does not dwell, except fitfully and unrestingly, with the body in material places; but is forever going out and seeking to surround itself with things of a different nature—not of the flesh, but of the spirit—grovelling and mean, or pure and exalted, according as the quality of the life may be. These are the surroundings—these are the possessions—that, after all, make men miserable or happy. They do not depend on wealth or poverty; on high position in the world, or on low position. They depend alone on the good or evil quality of the soul.

Let us look in upon Mr. Hay. We find him in a very humble dwelling—a broken-down old man; broken in body, but not in mind. He looks up as we enter, and a quiet smile wreathes itself about his lips. His eyes are calm and deep—full of thought and feeling. That old lady, busied in household work, is his wife. How neat is every thing, and how orderly; yet the furniture is scant and poor. What a sphere of peace and tranquillity pervades the apartment! And this is the poor devil! one of the miseries!

"The world has been rather hard with you, Mr. Hay," I remarked.

"Hard with me? In what respect?" The look and tone of surprise are sincere.

"In leaving you, after so many years of vigorous and useful effort, cast like a wreck on the shore. Poverty, in old age, is hard to bear."

"I do not find it so. All my bodily wants are supplied. I have food and clothing. I have a house to dwell in. He that feedeth the ravens will not forget me. The world has no power over me for good or ill, if I choose to be independent of the world. Man proposes, God disposes. The all-wise and all-merciful has us in His keeping, and if our hearts are right towards Him, we need ask nothing of the world."

"But it sometimes happens," is remarked, "that through misfortune, we get in arrears with the world—so far in arrears as to be debtors hopelessly. What then? Can we say that we are independent of the world?"

"That is, of men in the world."

"Yes."

"Who stand to us on the creditor side?"

"Yes."

There came a slight flush into his pale face. This was touching the quick. He answered—

"We must be right with ourselves and God. If there was even a latent purpose to defraud, that must be deeply repented. If the ends were just, errors and misfortunes do not condemn us in the eyes of Him who sees the heart; and we should not be troubled about what cannot be helped. As it now stands with me, I have no strong desire for

wealth, except as the means of doing justly. Faithfully, when there was strength for work, did I use all my powers. The money I sought did not come. Had it rewarded my efforts, I would have used it in the payment of debts. Now, the struggle is over. I am broken and wasted, through excessive effort, before the natural time; and I have bowed my head patiently to what is inevitable. As for losses to others through me, I may have been used as an instrument for their discipline. Man rarely turns from the world to higher and better things except after losses, misfortunes or afflictions. If I purposed right in my dealings with men, and yet wrought them injury through error of judgment, or disaster, no responsibility rests with me. I was but the agent of an all-wise Providence, and the very losses that were sustained through me, may have been good to them instead of evil. This, at least, is my philosophy. I have tried to keep my heart right; and now, when my steps are slow and feeble, and my shadow lengthens eastward, I am not in trouble as some men are who have great possessions."

"Where are your children?"

"Absent, yet present in love," he said, with a beaming smile. "We have two sons, living in a distant city, clerks, receiving only moderate salaries. They do not forget us in our old and weak days. They make us independent of the world."

"And you are not idle?"

"Idle! oh, no. While I have any strength or skill, I shall do something. To be idle is to be wretched. It is when engaged in useful work that we stand nearest to heavenly influences—the only source of contentment."

One of the miseries! Oh no. Mr. Steele was in error. There is still something better for Mr. Hay than to die and be done with it. We must look elsewhere for the wretched man—for him to whom life at three score years has proved a failure. What of our millionaire? How is it, really, with him? Wealth stands on the outside of a man. It is no part of him—is only adjoined. Peace, joy, satisfaction is from within—penetrates and pervades the soul by an interior way. It enters by no golden key from the worldly side. So it is fair to conclude that Mr. Steele is not happy because he is rich. An hour after his expression of contemptuous pity for Mr. Hay, a letter was placed in his hands. It came from a son-in-law, who was enjoying himself, with his giddy young wife, in Italy, at Mr. Steele's expense. After speaking of the health of himself and companion, and making a few general observations on the picture galleries of Florence, the writer touched a subject that sent the blood leaping in fiery thrills along the old man's veins. Starting up, with a face hot and pale by sudden transitions, he dashed the letter upon the floor, and crushed it under his feet. A bitter imprecation came, frothing, from his lips.

What does it mean? This, and no more: The son-in-law, who had taken the daughter for the

sake of her anticipated inheritance, was growing impatient about the gold. He wanted the fortune as well as the wife. The former might be enjoyed; as to the latter, it was a hopeless case. Superficial, weak, bad tempered, and used to every kind of indulgence, she was in all ways fitted to make a man miserable. To this end she had been thoroughly accomplished, and she was doing credit to her education. If there had been no money in the case, her unprincipled young husband would not have hesitated an hour on the question of throwing her aside as a worthless thing. The dross was his, and now he wanted his share of the gold. So he hinted, in no covert terms, his desire that Mr. Steele would, instead of waiting until his will wrought a division of property, set off his daughter's portion now. To a man of Mr. Steele's views and temperament, this was felt as an impertinence and an outrage.

"I'll cut the rascal off with a dollar!" he exclaimed, as he fumed about his office, where he happened to be alone. While yet in the fever of this excitement, the scuffling of feet, and the sound of angry voices, were heard in the passage; and in a few moments afterwards a crowd broke in upon him, foremost among which was his only son, scarcely twenty years of age, in the hands of a policeman. The young man's collar was torn open, his clothes were in disorder, and there was a slight wound on his forehead, from which blood was oozing. It soon appeared that, while partially intoxicated, he had insulted a lady in the street, and been knocked down by her husband, who subsequently called a policeman, and delivered the culprit into his hands. Young Steele being known to the officer, was brought in to his father. As soon as the case and its requirements were understood, Mr. Steele sent for a carriage, and accompanied his son, still in custody, to the mayor's office, where bail was given for an appearance to answer for this drunken assault. Then the unhappy father was driven home with his disgraced boy, whom excitement had sobered. There was bitter, unreasoning assault on the one side, and angry reply on the other. So, when father and son reached their palace-like dwelling, they entered in stormy contention, filling the house with sorrow and discord.

The mother, not waiting to get at the whole truth involved, but only seeing that her boy, to most of whose faults she was blind, was in angry contention with his father, ranged herself on his side, and being a woman who possessed in a large measure the gift of language, thrust in her sharp, quick, flashing weapon, and actually drove, under a sense of mad discomfiture, her husband from the house. In other words, unable to meet and hurl back her voluble invectives, he turned from her and went out, going to his office, and feeling sick, weak and disheartened. A few letters had come in by the last mail. One was from a married daughter, residing at the West. He knew the handwriting on

the envelope, and broke the seal nervously, for, of late, the letters of this daughter had brought pain instead of pleasure.

"DEAR FATHER," she wrote, abruptly—"There's no use in trying, and I can't live with John any longer. His abuse of me is dreadful. Last night he actually caught me by the hair and dragged me across the room! His temper is horrible. It's killing me. I've fallen away to a mere shadow. You don't know what a life I have been living. I've never told you half, for it would only have worried you. But I can't and I won't stand it any longer. The fact is, dear father, I've left him, and am now at a friend's house. Send me some money. I shall apply for a divorce. But, then, John will oppose it; and you'll have to buy him off. He never loved me. It was only for the money he hoped to obtain that he married me. Such a life as we have led! Oh, dear! It makes me shudder to think of it. Write to me, and say what I shall do. I'm so wretched! He'll take fifty thousand dollars, I'm sure, and let the divorce come off. You must manage that with him. I've seen a lawyer, and he's drawing up all the papers. Shall I come home at once? Perhaps I'd better stay here, until the case comes up. Send me some money, please; a thousand dollars. Don't worry mother about this. Keep it to yourself, and I'll write her in a few days. Your loving daughter,

ELLEN.

Mr. Steele bowed his head with a groan and a shiver upon the table before which he was seated.

"My gray hairs will go down in sorrow," he murmured, lifting himself, with a slow, weary motion. "That it should come to this! That my children should prove to me a curse instead of a blessing! It is not enough that they trouble me in a thousand ways by their perversity and extravagance; now disgrace must be added! And I am coolly asked to bribe a mean, heartless adventurer with fifty thousand dollars that my daughter may get a divorce! Fifty thousand! It will be just as easy for him to demand a hundred thousand!"

And he bowed his head, groaning in bitterness of spirit again.

One of the miserales! Have we found him, reader? There are many rich poor devils in the world, and here is one of them. You may pity, but you cannot help them. The case of such is nearly hopeless. Their gray hairs go down in sorrow, and they fill unhonored graves. T. S. A.

The celebrated Boerhaave, who had many enemies, used to say that he never thought it necessary to repeat their calumnies. "They are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. The surest method against scandal is to live it down by perseverance in well-doing, and by prayer to God, that He would cure the dis-temperament of those who traduce and injure us."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

QUESTS, OR TALKS WITH HECTOR.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"What an awful long sigh, Dorah!" said Jerry, looking up from the Latin exercise he was carefully turning into a mould of fireside Saxon.

I glanced up from my book, Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*, which Cousin Hector had brought me, after extracting a promise that I would read it over three times, and reading, with him, means study. "You can't get all the marrow out of it unless you stick to it like a baby to its bottle," just one of his quaint, funny speeches, you know.

"Sigh! I should think you did some. Is the book dry as saw-dust?" said Jerry, running his pencil through his hair.

"Ah, it wasn't that, though there are passages that make one's thoughts hold still over them a long time, but it's a line or two here that just made me feel badly, because it's so true I s'pose, and I wish it wasn't."

"What's the line? Let's have it," said Jerry.

"This is all, 'No road to any good knowledge is wholly among the lilies and the grass. There is rough climbing to be done always!'"

"That's a fact," said Jerry. "But I don't see the use of caving in like that over it. Just go where the road takes you, I say, if it is up among the rocks and brambles. I didn't s'pose such a little spectre as that would frighten you, Dolly."

"It wouldn't always, perhaps, Jerry; but somehow, just at that moment it came over me with dreadful force that one could never get any knowledge worth having, 'good knowledge,' as Ruskin calls it, without toil or painstaking; never pleasantly, easily, idly; and that all one's life there had got to be the same hard, tiresome road to climb, the same girding one's self for the steep places, the going over the flint and the pebbles, when it's so much pleasanter to keep down among the dew and the lilies and the grasses. It sort of takes one's breath away to think of it."

"And you've only seen one side of the truth, too, Dolly, and that not its deepest and truest one," said a voice just behind me.

"Oh, Hector! how much have you heard of what I said?" turning square round on him.

"Quite enough to get the gist of your meaning. If you hadn't been quite so deep in your theme you would have heard the movement of the door-knob as I came in. Then I was arrested and turned 'eavesdropper.'"

"Don't give yourself that hateful name even in play, Hector," as he took a seat on the lounge by my side, and twirled his straw hat around with his thumb and forefinger.

He smiled down on me. "If I should run away from the name that would be the very best proof that I deserved it."

"Ah, well, keep it in that case. But to come back to our subject, what do you mean about my seeing only one side of the passage, and that not its best and deepest one? The meaning seems plain enough to me."

"Does it? Let me try and see how deep down your sounding line has gone. What does Ruskin mean by knowledge?"

"Why, what everybody else does, I suppose. Learning, development, education."

Hector shook his head. "That's only a very limited and superficial view of the meaning."

All this time brother Jerry was listening by the table, absently tumbling his hair with his pen-handle.

"Well, then, don't tease me, please, Hector. Just turn that side round so I can see it."

"I think Ruskin must have meant that knowledge of the heart and soul, which we can only learn by living, which is oftentimes the hardest way of learning, and which is as much better and truer than any brain knowledge as the heart and soul are more than the mind."

"Oh, yes! I see now. And does that sort of knowledge require the rough climbing too?"

"Yes, more than the other; hard, rough climbing and straining of soul and heart. There are places where not only no grasses creep, nor lilies bloom to hold the figure, but where there are only rocks, steep, sharp, desolate, like the slopes of Mount Washington, where, you know, even the palest mosses cannot cling."

"Ah, Hector, you make life seem terribly hard—it fairly frightens one!"

Again he smiled down on me, his smile strong, fearless, radiant. "I think," he said, "that all who have climbed the roughnesses of the road will bear witness though the steep places may have worn, and the sharp rocks have bruised them, that the knowledge pays when it is found—when it is found!"

I suppose you think Hector must be an old man by his talk, for that seems the very quintessence of long experience and wisdom. But he is only five years older than Jerry, and Jerry is sixteen, while I am two years behind my brother.

As for describing Cousin Hector that is quite out of the question. There are no words that fit him. He seems to me incomparable in every respect. You would think, to hear him talk sometimes, that he was an embodiment of the wisdom and gravity that comes with nobly used years, and

then he is playful and frolicsome as a child, full of jests and flashes of sharp wit and humor, that plays along his talk, pleasant and harmless as summer lightning.

I have read somewhere that "a child will make a childlike man," and they say that each of these names suit equally well different periods of Hector's life. He was a delicate child. His mother died in his infancy, and all his boyhood had to be used, as mamma says, in laying a foundation strong enough for his youth to build on.

Life and death had a hard pull together for him; but gymnastics and all sorts of out-door life and exercise just brought him through. He is robust enough now, though he hardly looks so, even under the tan which he earned in a journey to California by the overland route.

I cannot tell you, as I said, anything of the strength and sweetness that seem wrought in the very fibre of his character, and that make of it that noble and lovely thing which it is.

I think, sometimes, that the one grace which informs Cousin Hector's whole nature is his beautiful faith and trust. To Hector God seems real—a vital personality of whose presence he is always conscious, and the thought of whom is a perpetual gladness and delight to his soul. He is good, with a real, vital, hearty goodness which you feel while he himself seems entirely unconscious of it: generous of means, and time, and service for others, and of their faults pitiful and palliating where to be this is not weakness and sin.

You will think I am making a hero of my cousin, and that I see him through the fourteen-years-old prisms of imaginative fancy. They say our idols have a wonderful tendency to tumble down from their niches, as the years gather over them. I don't know how all that may be, and I do not doubt that Cousin Hector has his faults, but I know that whatever these are, if they are known to him, they are sorely repented of, and that he strives daily to overcome them.

But I have slipped away from our talk, and must come back to it with a jerk. Jerry put in just at this point—

"Those stories of the old knights setting out on quests enjoined upon them by their lady-loves always stir me with what high hearts and lofty courage they started off, and yet they had not only rough climbing and bitter perils to encounter, but fierce, hard battling for life before them—something but grasses and lilies in that quest!"

"That's true; and whether we will or not, we're all like the old knights, going through the world on some 'quest.'"

"All—everybody, Hector?" I asked.

"All—everybody, mousie—a quest in which we shall find the life or death of the soul."

"But what are some of these quests on which all men and women have started?"

"They are legion. I think 'Gold' numbers the

largest array of followers. But Ambition has a host, and Display another, and Fame another."

"But all those are bad quests, Hector, and the true knights of old were brave and loyal gentlemen, and never set on any but high and honorable service."

"Not the true knights—neither do those of to-day."

"But what are some of the good quests, which the true knights set out after now?"

"Liberty for all men," answered Hector, solemnly. "To raise up the lowly, to break down the strongholds of pride, and prejudice, and oppression, to give knowledge to darkened souls, and justice, peace and happiness to all man and womankind."

"Oh, Hector, that is more beautiful than all the quests of the old knights for the sake of those fair ladies, when they sat out in glittering armor, with helm and visor, cuirass and sword, and lance in rest. It stirs one's blood, as Jerry says, to think of it, but after all ours is the best."

"I think it is—the invisible warfare—grander and nobler in the sight of angels than the old visible one."

"And what a quaint, funny idea, that we are all knights, wandering through the world on some quest in this plain, broad daylight nineteenth century. I like it, though."

Again that smile of Hector's—a very rain of light upon my face.

"Oh, Hector, you are not the son of Priam, but you have something of the brave, heroic soul of the old warrior about you."

He set his hat on my head. It was so large that it nearly covered my eyes.

"Let us end all this talk by going out in the garden on a 'quest' for flowers, roses, heliotrope, and 'simple pansies,'" he said.

"But I haven't found out yet what that greater quest is, my life one, you know, Hector. It begins to look solemn."

"Seek it every day with a pure, honest, loving soul, and do not despise it because it is small and lies in everyday work and duties. Come along, Jerry."

WORK AND PLAY.—A man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied—"My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. And after this I was allowed to play, and I could then play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit I owe my prosperity."

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,—
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool,
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil;
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than Man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

(56)

These and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the seer
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

BY G. HERBERT.

When God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

OVER THE WAY.

Gone in her child-like purity
Out from the golden day;
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
Over the silent way.

Over the bosom tenderly
The pearl-white hands are pressed;
The lashes lie on her cheek so thin,
Where the softest blush of the rose hath been,
Shutting the blue of her eyes within,
The pure lids closed to rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
Twineth her sunny hair;
She was so fragile, that love sent down,
From his heavenly gems, that soft, bright crown,
To shade her brow with its waves so brown,
Light as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep with the tender smile
Froze on her silent lips
By the farewell kiss of her dewy breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel of death,
Like the last fair bud of a faded wreath,
Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Robin, hushed in your downy bed,
Over the swinging bough,
Do you miss her voice from your glad duet,
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
Till its velvet lips, with the essence wet,
In orient crimson glow?

Rosebud, under your shady leaf,
Hid from the sunny day,
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
Whose blue was heaven to your timid sight?
It is beaming now in a world of light,
Over the starry way?

Hearts, where the darling's head hath lain,
Held by love's shining ray,
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Brightens the harp in the unknown land—
That she waits for us with the angel band,
Over the starry way? *Anonymous.*

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

"Not to myself alone,"
The little opening flower transported cries;
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes;
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride—
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—
"Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I rove the wood, the garden and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come:
For man, for man the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
A scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings—
"Not to myself alone I raise the song;
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue;
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings?
I bid the hymnless churl and anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay;
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June."

"Not to myself alone—"
Oh, man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest!
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.
Chiefest of guests at life's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

Anonymous.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A Free Paraphrase from the German.

BY J. G. WHITTIER

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ill and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm,
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "be resigned."
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,
Our dear Lord ordereth all things well.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

We hear numberless tirades every day of our lives against woman's dress, ridicule of this or that fashion, and general denunciations of the sex for their love of finery and display. In this state of things it is quite refreshing to hear a sensible talk upon the other side of the question such as an English periodical has given us under the heading "The Duty of Dressing Well."

"If it be true, as Polonius hath it, that 'the apparel oft proclaims the man,' it is even more true that the apparel most certainly indicates the manner of woman who wears it. The style of dress adopted and retained by any one—man or woman—is as characteristic as the most distinctive of personal habits. This is, however, even more true of women than of men, inasmuch as the clothing of women—at least among ourselves at the present day—allows considerable room for the indulgence of individual tastes and peculiarities.

Dressing oneself is a very different thing from merely providing oneself with clothing. Clothing oneself is a mere act of covering up one's body from the influence of the weather, and may be accomplished by the leaves of plants or the skins of animals, as well as in any other way; but dressing is an art, which the best is made not only of all the materials employed, but of the person who is the subject of the artist's endeavors—it is an art whose highest praise is, that its supreme exertions shall appear as if they had cost but little effort.

"Any woman can clothe herself; that involves very little thought or trouble. But it is not every woman who can dress well, though, most certainly, every woman is under an obligation to endeavor to do so.

"We believe that many women are utterly unconscious of their duty in this respect; indeed, we may go farther, and say that many women apparently do not look on dressing well as a duty at all. Nay, we are not quite certain that in the minds of many estimable persons there may not lurk a suspicion, that to devote any attention to dressing as an art is a species of minor sin. We retain a very vivid recollection of having the effusion of our childish joy in new clothes pre-emptorily stopped by the statement that

'The art of dress did ne'er begin
Till Eve, our mother, learned to sin.'

Poor Eve! What a multitude of ill effects resulted from her one disobedience; though we hardly think that the Paraisaical condition of clothing would have been compatible with the peopling of all regions of the earth, even had the Paraisaical condition of innocence been retained.

"We must admit that the acquisition of skill in the art of dressing well is not the highest object in life which a woman can put before her; and we join in the feeling of contempt which is justly felt by the stronger minded of the sex for those whose thoughts and time are spent entirely in the arraying and beautifying of their charming persons. The satire is not too strong which represents such a woman as, with her latest breath, giving directions for lessening the frightfulness of her dead body.

"On the other hand, many women are careless about their dress to a degree which we might almost designate as culpable.

"So high an authority as Ruskin has recently told us that it is the duty of every woman to be pretty, to be accomplished, and to cook well. Leaving out of present consideration the two latter requirements, we think that the duty of being pretty or looking well includes that of dressing well. We do not at all agree with the dictum that 'beauty unadorned is adorned the most.' A lovely woman is rendered more beautiful by being surrounded by becoming accessories of dress, and a plain woman may make herself charming even to the eye by skillful adornment.

"Every woman will admit that it is her duty to render herself as pleasing as possible to the persons with whom she ordinarily associates. Every one will also allow that a well-dressed woman is a more pleasing object than an ill-dressed one—other matters being equal. From which statements it follows necessarily, that to be as well-dressed as possible is a duty incumbent on every woman—which has to be demonstrated.

"'But,' we hear some one say, 'to dress well requires taste, and we have none.' Lamentable confession! unfortunately too often founded on truth.

"But really, after all, to dress well is less a matter of that mysterious attribute termed taste than an affair of good common sense and some attention to detail and the fitness of things. For dress to fit accurately and to be scrupulously well made, to be suitable in color and material to the person and condition of its wearer, not to jar on one's nerves by discords of color or incompleteness of detail or unfitness of circumstances, is quite possible to every woman in the world who will give a little attention to the matter. And it is one worth attention. Many estimable women, from a want of care about dress, lose much of their power over those younger persons whom they desire to influence. More than that, they bring unmerited obloquy upon themselves and their own sensible pursuits

because they have thought matters of detail in dress beneath their notice. O! the scientific women we have seen, and the philanthropic women! and the educational women!—dressed so as to be a "caution" to all observers not to follow in their footsteps if they wished to be regarded with admiration. The folly of this neglect of dress is as great as is that of attending too much to it. One of the most intellectual women we ever knew saw clearly the evils resulting from this want of care about appearance, and made a conscientious duty of always attending to matters of dress most rigorously. As a result, she was always so well dressed that nobody who was not of her acquaintance ever suspected her of being more clever than any ordinary lady. Attention to dressing well has sometimes a positive good effect on others. We have heard it said that Miss Marsh, so well known for her philanthropic labors among the navvies, made a point of appearing at their evening meetings in such a dress as she would have worn in her own drawing-room. She considered that to allow these men to see a well dressed lady was to offer them one means of obtaining a refined and elevated notion of a woman's possible surroundings.

Of course such motives would not influence every one, nor need they do so. Some women, we are aware, because of their innate grace and taste, will dress well and look well under any circumstances. We have seen even Sisters of Mercy wearing their robes "with a difference," though it may be a tax upon our readers' credulity to ask them to believe it. Some women will, of course, find more difficulty than others in making the best of themselves; but all may do it; and we have endeavored to show some cause why all ought to do it.

TO THE CHILDREN BELONGING TO OUR "HOME CIRCLE."

BY FLORENCE FANE.

How do you do, little friends? Come, I want to get acquainted with you. Can you leave skating Charlie, Willie, Fannie, Lizzie and Minnie? And you, your coasting, Harrie, Georgie, Johnnie, and Fred? You have not had a very long time since school for your sports, I know, but it is almost bedtime for little Jennie, Lucy and Herbert, and I want to see you all together for a few moments, so gather around closely, black eyes, blue eyes and hazel, chestnut curls, auburn ringlets, brown braids, and flaxen locks, come all of you; you little wee ones can sit, one, yes, two, I guess, in my lap, and you, little Frank and Nellie, can lean on my shoulders if you like, and are afraid those taller ones will get all the talk. It will be no great matter if you should hit my waterfall, or jam my collar, you will not ruffle my temper—it takes grown people to do that.

But I suppose you would like to know who is talking so glibly to you; well, I do not see any-

body to introduce me, and if I should call your father or mother, they could not do it, for they don't know who I am any more than you, so I must tell you myself. If I were to leave a card for your mother or older sister, it would read thus: Miss Florence Fane, Mapledell. But to you I am Cousin Florrie, that's all, that is if you would like me for a cousin.

But where is Mapledell? Perhaps you who study geography do not remember seeing it on the map, well, you need not look, for it is such a small place I do not believe it is put down. But I will try to give you some idea of how it looks. Just suppose yourself standing on the rim of a large basin, do not be afraid, it will not break if ever so many of you should climb up there, for it is not made of china or porcelain, or even of tin, so there is not any danger of bruising it, but it is common brown earthenware. It is at present lined or carpeted with something as soft as down and white as snow. But in the summer it is covered with a bright, soft, green carpet, like velvet, beautifully figured in different colors, and they are all what is called raised embroidery, that is, it is higher than the groundwork. In the bottom of the basin are some that are very prominent, I presume they will look to you like trees standing erect and bare, but by-and-by all will be a splendid green, and in the autumn a variety of colors—rich scarlet, bright yellow, green and russet, all mingled together. In some places there are stalks with long slender leaves like corn, and these figures on the carpet I have observed to be the favorite resort of blue-birds, or blue-jays, as we call them here. Then there are little patches that resemble vines twining around poles and long narrow pods hanging from them; and others with broad purple veined leaves, and some with light, feathery, green ones; these always make me think of beets and carrots, and there are others that look very much like potato tops. And there is one large spot where the embroidery is not raised quite so much as that in the centre of the carpet, but it is quite prominent, and often in summer bright yellow balls drop from it on the soft green, and we pick them up and eat them, sometimes bake them and eat them in milk—then they are delicious; and later in the season there are some red and green ones, also, these are put in the cellar for winter. But there are different shades of green in this carpet, there are places where the nap or fibres are so long that my father actually mows them down, and after letting them stand a day or two in the warm sun stows them away in the barn for Lightfoot and Brindle to eat in the winter. Now if you were here you might see Brindle any day standing in the yard chewing, in much the same fashion as you have seen some foolish boys and girls chew gum, (although she looks much more graceful than they, I think,) or still worse, men, and sometimes boys, chewing tobacco. If you see that big brother of yours have a cigar or piece of tobacco, just beg him to throw

it away, tell him you and Cousin Florrie both think it a dirty, disagreeable habit; but I was telling you of old Brindle. It seems strange that a few mouthfuls of food should last her to chew so long; perhaps some of you may not know what a process it has to go through before she is done with it. She has more stomachs than we have. She has four. And after she has swallowed it once it stays in the first stomach until it is well soaked, then it passes into the second, where it is made into balls; these are brought up into her mouth again, one ball at a time, and chewed over again, then pass into the third stomach, and so on.

This seems strange, but it is the way in which it is being changed into milk, and finally into the rich lumps of golden butter and the nice cheeses which we like so well.

Can you see that little bright spot which glistens in the sunlight, like a mirror, with its heavy green frame, down in the hollow there? That is a little tiny pond. There are not any trout or perch there, but plenty of little turtles and frogs, and sometimes in the spring evenings they give a grand, free concert. That which you see a little farther up, looking so much like an acorn-cup with a long stem, is a well with a tall sweep, to the end of which is attached an "old oaken bucket, an iron bound bucket, a moss covered bucket," which in warm weather "hangs in the well," but this cold, freezing winter it usually hangs upon the curb-post. And still higher up, looking like a great coconut-shell, with some smaller ones scattered around, is the old, brown farm-cottage where Cousin Florrie lives, with its outbuildings. In front of the house are some of the prettiest patterns in the whole carpet, looking so like roses, and pinks, and honeysuckles, so that you can really smell them sometimes. That nice Brussels or Wilton, that is on your mother's best parlor, is very nice and pretty, but really this that I have been describing is much more wonderful, for there is a great deal of it in the world; you that live in the city do not have much—sometimes a little mat like it—but throughout the country are great strips and squares of it, and it is all woven by the same hand—the hand that made us and gives us everything we have. Let us remember this, and love and obey Him.

Do you see something that looks like a broad, brown ribbon, running not exactly through the middle, a little to one side? That is a road; last summer there was a narrow green stripe just within the edge, leaving the edge the same color as the centre; this keeps pretty smooth until it begins to climb the side of the dell opposite the house, when it twists considerably, and finally winds off among the trees and shrubs beyond like a great serpent; indeed, it is said that same lot is a rather snaky place, but it does not prevent my going there after blueberries and blackberries in the season for them; although once while walking there for plea-

sure, I saw a pretty large blacksnake, the sight of which shortened my ramble some.

Oh my! what a long time it has taken me to introduce myself and Mapledell. I guess you are tired of standing perched on the rim of my basin all this time, but just turn your head that way before you hop down, and you will get a sight of the beautiful blue bay, dotted with white sails. (I am painting this picture as it is in the summer, you know; now the water does not look as pleasant, and there are not many sails to be seen.) But Mapledell looks very pretty even now in her white dress, especially near the sunset hour, when the beautiful blue canopy (which is over all our homes, and sparkles so with jewels these cold evenings) is flecked with such gorgeous clouds, some amber, some rose-colored, and others golden.

Perhaps you think this is a pretty deep hollow I have been telling you of. Yes, the sides are long and steep enough for coasting; if you had that little iron-shod cutter of yours, Arthur, you would have nice sport here. But Cousin Florrie is a woman—not that she has forgotten how to be a child and play with children; she never means to do that. But she has more cares and not much time for play or coasting, and she has not anybody now to go with her, so would not enjoy it as well. Ah! that is it, she is alone. Of the little band, the tiny circle, which God gave her parents, one by one has dropped away, until she is the only remaining link.

I have much more I would like to say to you; but just look at the little ones! Darling little Eddie has looked profoundly meditative for some time; and this little apple bloom of a brother of his has made me several very low bows, and finally dropped his little round head on my knee and closed his bright eyes; and little Maud's breath is measured off as regularly as the bars in our music books.

Now here comes mamma, looking very inquiringly at me, as though she would ask what strange bird was among her nestlings; you can tell her all you know of me. Now each give me a kiss, and when you offer your evening prayers, please ask a blessing for
 Cousin FLORRIE.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

I.

I am composed of 24 letters. My 22, 2, 18, 7, 15, is in conformity with law; my 19, 20, 7, 9, 13, is a sumptuous entertainment; my 1, 23, 4, 12, 16, 4, is a painful emotion; my 5, 20, 15, 21, is a heinous outcry; my 14, 7, 15, 21, 11, 6, 2, 8, is consecrated; my 17, 7, 12, 24, 7, 15, is a cetaceous mammal; my 10, 7, 3, 8, is a staff of authority; * my whole is a distinguished American poet.

J. H. B.

II.

Cut me in twain,
 First part you will spurn,
 But consider again—
 (When trod on I turn)

Did not the same Being
Who formed you form me?
Who made us to differ
You plainly will see.
"The party of the second part"
You highly will prize,
For you find me quite useful
When the cold winds arise.
Unite us again
As you found us at first,
A medicinal plant
On your vision will burst. G. G.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. If a pair of spectacles could speak, what Greek author would they name? Eusebius (You see by us).
2. Why did Quintus Curtius leap into the gulf? Because it was a good opening for a young man.

3. Why cannot the Emperor of the French insure his life? Because no one can be found to make out his policy.

4. What English king had most reason to complain of his washerwoman? John; for he lost all his things at the Wash.

5. Which of the inmates of the ark paid most attention to their toilet? The fox and cock, for they took their brush and comb.

6. Of what color are the winds and waves? The waves rose and winds blue (blew).

7. What would you do if you lost your nose? Take the first that turned up.

8. Why should Lord Byron be presumed to have been a good-tempered young man? Because he always kept his *choler* (collar) down.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN JUNE NUMBER.—

1. Raspberries. 2. Eyeglass. 3. Milton.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS.

There are few novelties in the world of fashion. The half-fitting mantle is likely to be the greatest favorite this season, but the close-fitting will also be much worn, with a waistband outside it, formed of the same silk as the jacket, and richly trimmed, *en suite*, with the rest of the garniture. The jackets are cut to a point behind, which is rather long; in front and over the hips they are rather short. The *demi-adjuste* do not fit to the shape in front, and are not sloped down the centre so much as last year, but hang almost square, and are very short in front. The coat sleeves are still likely to continue general, though hanging ones have been introduced. Black mantles especially are trimmed with bands of their own material, which is usually a dull-looking *gros grain*, mixed with pipings of satin. Flat bands, wadded ones, and fancy trimmings shaped like shells or flowers are the styles the self-trimmings afford. Jet beads are still much used. Jackets, *en suite* with the dress, will be more popular than ever. It is not necessary to put sleeves to jackets worn with the dress, but pipe them round the arm-hole; the dress sleeves suffice.

Chain trimmings of all kinds are introduced, but will hardly become very popular. These sort of things are now composed in a silk material that has a metallic effect in some colors. Straw trimmings also will obtain some favor. Straw nets for the hair, and nets with artificial mohair curls covering the back are novelties. Broad colored China crêpe or llama neck bows, edged with cluny lace, will also be worn as well as those in white. Grenadine and China crêpe shawls are introduced

with flowers embroidered in gay colors, and are again edged with lace.

Muslin and cambrics and silks are all printed and manufactured this year in much more brilliant shades than have been heretofore obtained. A great many very extravagant patterns and designs have been imported, but it will be safer and more ladylike to select only simple and unobtrusive patterns.

Still dressmakers are making dresses quite plain in front, nearly tight over the hips, and only a few large plaits at the back, the top so gored that all the volume is at the bottom of the skirt, forming a sharp train very difficult to manage gracefully, and most inconvenient to walk with. Several walking dresses are to be seen made almost short, and looped over an under-skirt of the same, in such a way as not to let down. At the races where everyone looks for the fashions, some to show them off, others to imitate or criticize; dressmakers to see their own produce, or take new ideas from those of others; the same variety and wavering may be discovered in the style of toilettes. Meanwhile, a variety of new materials are coming out every day, for the country or sea-side wear: short *paletôts* in the form of *sacs*, that is, not fitting at all, are made like the dress, or of fancy stuffs and flannels; and as the large buttons in vogue for some time have grown hackneyed, these are now oftener made of the darker shade of the *paletôt*, or in black cloth, velvet, or stuff, trimmed with jet beads, or braid. The rage for trimmings of all sorts has set in so strongly that it is to be presumed that the next change will be to complete simplicity and absence of all such additions.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE, ITS NATURE, VARIETIES, AND PHENOMENA. By Leo H. Grindon, Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester; author of "Emblems," "Figurative Language," etc. First American edition Philadelphia; J. E. Lippincott & Co. Price \$2.25.

The lovers of good books—and their number in our country is large and constantly increasing—will thank the enterprising house of J. E. Lippincott & Co. for bringing out an edition of this charming work in a style so elegant and attractive and at a price so reasonable in these days of high prices. The book is a perfect gem—one whose exquisite mechanical execution is even surpassed by the depth and richness of thought, the felicity of illustration, and the purity and grace of diction, which characterize its pages throughout. We have rarely seen a book that we could recommend as cordially as we can this. It is most healthful and invigorating, intellectually and morally. One feels, after reading a few chapters of it, as if he had been upon some lofty hill-top, breathing an atmosphere richly laden with the perfume of fields and forests, listening to the hum of insects, the song of birds, the music of running waters, and gazing upon a landscape of surpassing loveliness. It is a book to elevate, refresh, and strengthen all the best faculties of the soul. It deserves a place in every library, and should be read and studied by all earnest, thoughtful, and aspiring minds.

The author embraces within the range of his inquiry "the most interesting and instructive subjects, alike of physiology and psychology; the constitutions and perfections of the bodies in which we dwell; the delights which attend the exercise of the intellect and the affections; the glory and loveliness of the works of God." He points out, with the wisdom of a philosopher and the instinct of a poet, "the practical value and interest of life; the unity and fine symmetry of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good; the poetry of common things; and the intimate dependence of the whole upon Him in whom 'we live, and move, and have our being.'" He also shows, in a most fascinating way, "how intimate and striking is the relation of human knowledge, and how grand is the harmony of things natural and divine," and makes you see, as in broad daylight, that "science without religion is empty and unvital," and that "the physical and the spiritual worlds are in such close connection, that, to attempt to treat philosophically of either of them apart from the other, is to divorce what God has joined together."

The London *Illustrated Times* in speaking of this book says:—

"This volume, called 'Life,' has all the usual characteristics of Mr. Grindon's writing; and we can heartily say it is worth buying. It may, however, be recommended on the far higher ground of being pure, lofty and beautiful in spirit, from the first page to the last. Mr. Grindon is a most lovable and beautiful writer. We are particularly charmed with what he says (and how he says it) about love between men and women."

The work probably will not have so wide a circulation as it deserves. Its very wealth of thought and elevation of tone and purpose are likely to restrict somewhat its sale. But we are sure it will be warmly welcomed by a large class of thoughtful, progressive

minds, and that none can read it without delight and profit. Should the time ever come—and we believe it will—when the million will seek such instructive and delightful reading as these most inviting pages furnish, that will be a glorious epoch indeed.

SOME SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING THE NATURE AND TREATMENT OF DECAY IN TEETH. Baltimore; Jno. Murphy & Co.

This small treatise on a derangement of health common to nearly every one, although written principally for the instruction of the author's own patients, contains information so much needed by the whole community as to render it well worthy of being generally read. So clearly and concisely is a question but little understood by the people explained and illustrated, that it is made apparent to every reader. Much of the information here imparted is of great importance to the people at large, when the most general manifestation of deranged animal functions is decay of the teeth. What is most needed is a magazine article written as clearly as this, which would reach millions of people instead of thousands.

The author is Dr. Robert Arthur, of Baltimore, a dentist of large practice, and widely known to the profession as one of its most progressive men.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL, AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON. New York: M. W. Dodd, at 506 Broadway.

A book in the quaint style of orthography and typography peculiar to the early part of the seventeenth century, executed in the very best style of printing and binding of the present day, is an attractive novelty in itself. But the attraction is deeper in this instance. We have also the peculiar mannerisms and thought of the former period. The book is a journal purporting to have been kept by the young wife of Milton, running through the period of courtship, and for nearly three years after marriage—an imaginary journal of course, but so natural, and so fresh with the daily life and feeling of the time, that the reader is taken captive. The volume is uniform with "Cherry and Violet," by the same author. Don't fail to get it.

EPIDEMIC CHOLERA; ITS MISSION AND MISERY, HAUNTS AND HAVOC, PATHOLOGY AND TREATMENT; WITH REMARKS ON CONTAGION, THE INFLUENCE OF FEAR, AND HURRIED AND DELAYED INTERMENTS. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honorable East India Company. New York: Carleton.

This compact little manual is designed as a popular working hand-book—cheap, portable, and of easy reference—for the practical use of apothecaries, nurses, sisters of charity, policemen, hotel-keepers, and the agents of Sanitary Commissions and Boards of Health; and, in fine, for everybody who should know what to do in an emergency, without waiting for a doctor in an attack of cholera.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF A LITTLE RAGAMUFFIN. By the Author of "The Adventures of Reuben Davidger." New York: Harper & Bros.

"Since Defoe told the story of Colonel Jack's early experiences," says the London *Athenaeum*, "There has appeared no such minutely graphic and terribly truthful picture of a London beggar-boy."

GILBERT RUOER. A NOVEL. By the author of "First Friendship." New York: Harper & Bros. Library of select Novels No. 270.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

Doubts, and What to Do With Them.

I am going to take it for granted that you belong to that large class of men and women who have had their sore conflicts with these—with doubts that struck down to the roots of your life to whatever was vital with you in time or eternity.

I think doubt of one sort or another is peculiarly a characteristic of our own age—it always is of certain periods of mental and moral growth, and youth is particularly liable to be assailed with misgivings regarding the things which after all are the only realities, the others which we pursue being shadows like ourselves.

Do you know what those doubts are? Have you ever sat in their chill and darkness? Has your soul ever gone groping through their blackness searching for the light and seeing no star—no faintest beam to guide you to the day? Have the old faiths, the old landmarks, the old dear traditions and sacred trusts of childhood ever seemed to be floating away from you, leaving your soul stranded and shivering on some desolate coast of darkness and unbelief? Have you shrunk back appalled sometimes from the processes of your own reason, from the conclusions of your own premises, and ceased to think, or tried to, because you were afraid where the thinking might lead?

Or let me go deeper than this. Have there come to you any of those sharp and terrible trials of your faith? Has your soul ever gone down into any of those black solitudes and caverns of grief and anguish into which no ray of light could reach, where you sat down alone face to face with your own awful sorrow, and wondered how God could let it come upon you, until at last you doubted whether He knew anything at all about it—whether there was a God sitting tender and watchful in the Heavens, knowing all our sorrows, and feeling them with a heart quicker and more pitiful than a mother's? If His love was that unfathomable sea which He had declared it, and His power illimitable as eternity, how had he let this especial grief come upon you—this storm thunder over your soul, laying waste all its pleasant places as some avalanche thunders down and lays waste the plain, smiling with bloom of flowers and harvests of summer.

Happier are you, my reader, if such experiences have never come to you; and yet maybe not "happier" after all. The faith which is tried by such tests, and which does not break, is the sort we need to carry us through life and death into life again.

I suppose it is the office of all discipline to make us wiser and better, and these aches and sicknesses of heart, these wrenchings and harrowings of soul, ought not to leave as they found us.

But it is not that I have come to say now, much less to enter into any argument on the soundness of any creed or faith. One thing only to you who listen shudderingly to these voices of doubt and unbelief in your own soul—who are perplexed and beset, who seem, sometimes, to be drifting out on a wide, shoreless sea, with neither chart nor compass, and no promontory jutting out into the waves with light or shelter—to you I have come to say, "Don't let your God go." Doubt yourself, doubt anybody else, but cling to Him through all the grief, and agony, and fear.

There are times when the soul can only say, "What does it mean, O God, what does it mean that this has come upon me?" But never, "I will let God and faith go." In that hour you have cursed your soul and died. For if you do not cling to the one anchor of His love and faithfulness, of His promise to make it all right at last, it were certainly better to die. Without God, this world is not worth living in, and happy are those who "lie down and go to sleep in the grave."

I came, the other day, across a few lines of De Toqueville's, which I think will close this better than any words of mine, and though I may not repeat the sentence, I can give you its spirit—

"Where I cannot see or understand, I had rather doubt my own capacity than the truth and love of God."

V. F. F.

OUR FASHIONS.—We may as well say it, frankly, that our fashion department is the one in which we take the least interest. Our aims, in publishing the "Home Magazine," do not lie in that direction. We look to something higher and more enduring. Still, our readers of the gentler sex are largely in the majority and as it has become the rule in magazines of this class to give the prevailing modes of dress, we have adopted the rule as one most agreeable to the majority of our readers. Our object in referring to the matter now is to say, that, as we may not give up the fashions, we have concluded to get them from head-quarters, and therefore have completed an arrangement with Madame Demorest of New York to supply us monthly with such styles as are in vogue, and best suited to persons of good taste who wish to dress well, and yet not make fashion an imperious tyrant. In the present number appears the first fruit of this arrangement.

BRADBURY'S PIANOS.—We have in our family a BRADBURY GRAND SCALE PIANO, the pure, full tones of which excite the admiration of all who hear or try it. These pianos are brilliant and durable, and have received the strongest indorsements from the musical profession everywhere; and certainly no instruments more justly deserve the praise they have received. Their pure singing quality is a striking peculiarity, and the power of sustaining the tone is another quality they possess in a very high degree. Their excellence may be summed up in a few words—duration, fullness, singing tone, elasticity of touch, and perfect workmanship throughout. The GRAND SCALE is admitted by the best artists to be the greatest triumph ever made in a Square Pianoforte. One-third of the whole scale is overstrung. While in power and fullness it is equal to a full-sized Grand, it is by its quick and perfect action made to produce the lightest and sweetest tones. Its singing qualities are said to excel any Square Piano ever before produced in this or any other country.

Mr. Getse, No. 1102 Chestnut street, is the agent in Philadelphia for Bradbury's Pianos, which are not surpassed in all the best qualities of an instrument by any others that are manufactured. At his ware-rooms will be found, also, a fine assortment of parlor organs.

EDITORS HOME MAGAZINE.—I notice the June number of Magazine contains a request for information in relation to the care and raising of canaries. I send an article on the subject, as it is one I have learned pretty thoroughly, and tested by experience.

ANNE CARWELL

THE CARE OF CANARIES.

In the first place, do *not* use a *painted* cage. The birds will peck the wires, more or less; and the paint thus imbibed is very injurious, often fatal, to them. The same must be said of tobacco smoke. A bird kept in a room where the odor of a cigar is allowed, is not only subjected to great discomfort, but its health and life are endangered. A lady of my acquaintance had five birds in succession, but lost them all, and could not discover any cause; but on visiting her some time afterwards, and finding the house redolent of her husband's cigar, I was quite satisfied of the impracticability of her keeping birds.

The larger the cage the better for the birds; and if not new it should be scalded and well dried before putting them into it. This precaution is necessary to avoid mites, which prey upon the poor birds, and are sure to infest the nest, unless great care is used. The cage should be thoroughly cleaned every morning. The easiest way to do this is to place a piece of clean brown paper (not newspaper, ever, for they often peck it) on the drawer of the cage, changing it every morning. The perches should not be forgotten, but drawn out, washed, and returned, one at a time, though this can hardly be done while there are eggs in the nest. At that time, care must be taken to avoid jarring the cage, as it disturbs the eggs. But it should be kept as clean as possible.

The drinking-cup and bathing dish should be well washed, and filled with fresh, pure water every morning. In warm weather it needs changing oftener. And the seed-cup replenished. Canary seed, principally, should be given; but a little rape seed every day is beneficial, and *bruised* hemp seed in about the proportion of one-third (all hemp seed is too hearty and heating) is good, particularly when laying and brooding.

All the needs must be *fresh and dry*. A piece of cuttle fish bone is needed *always*. It should be put into the upper part of the cage, as it is thus kept clean and dry. A lump of sugar, occasionally, may do no harm; but as a general rule, avoid sweets, and keep birds, like children, on plain food.

Lettuce, plantain-seeds and leaves, chickweed, are all good, and the birds are very fond of them, but they *must* be fresh. Fruit, perfectly ripe and fresh, does good rather than harm. At the time of laying and sitting, also while bringing up the young, the birds need richer food than usual. An egg, boiled hard (not the yolk alone—it is too heating) pounded with cracker or bread, about half and half, should be given daily; and the *earlier* the better, especially after the young are hatched, as the parents feed them from this and the green food provided them. The egg and cracker are their dependence, and cannot be safely neglected. About a fortnight is the time of incubation. Do not stimulate your bird too much to sit, for she will be apt to go beyond her strength, and lose her own life by raising too many broods. Two, or at most, three broods a year are enough. It is a mistake to separate the pair while the female is sitting, or at any time, unless, which is very rare, the male pecks the young.

Guard your birds from draughts, from exposure to cold at night, and also from too much heat. Bear in

mind that their part of the room, when the weather is cold enough for a fire, is warmer than yours, as the heated air ascends. Cold nights, the cage should be covered, unless the fire keeps all night.

But most and always, beware of a cat! She should never be allowed in the same room. They have been known to pull a bird between the cage-wires, not leaving even a feather.

Avoid frightening your birds in any way. It is very easy to have them know and love you, and welcome your coming; but they do not like to be handled.

All the suggestions now offered have borne the test of experience. For the last four or five years I have not had birds; but for nine years previously, I kept canaries, and was very successful in rearing healthy, beautiful birds and fine songsters.

True, time and care are required, to keep birds well and happy, in a cage; and the right to confine them is not a clearly defined one in my mind; but, surely, if we have not time to take good care of them, we ought not to have them.

MAGIC PHOTOGRAPH.—Under this title there are now sold in England sheets of seemingly plain albumenized paper, each accompanied by a piece of white blotting paper. When the latter is moistened with water and pressed for a few moments upon the first, a distinct photographic print is caused to appear, which, if well washed, will last as long as usual. By the advertisement of Philadelphia Photographic Company, on our second page of cover, it will be seen that these magic pictures are also produced in this country, and will be supplied by them to the trade.

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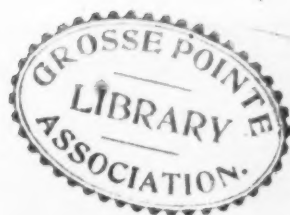
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EFFIE DEANS.



THE LITTLE GARDENERS.





THE LITTLE GARDENERS.



THE LITTLE GIRL

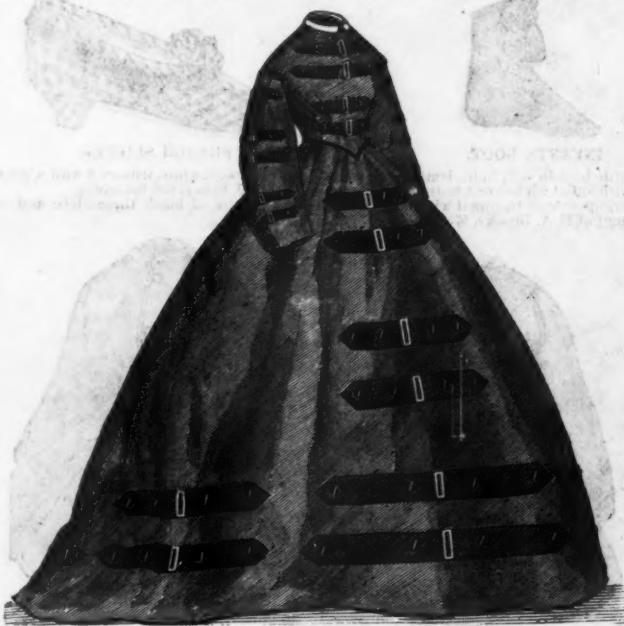
SUMMER FASHIONS.

Furnished by Mme. Demorest for the Home Magazine.



No. 1.—A little Leghorn "Gypsy Queen," with a quilling of blue ribbon, forming a huge rosette, occupying the centre of the crown. Wide strings fastened from the outside, a dotted lace veil, drawn into an ornamental bar, and a bow placed high on the inside, completes this odd specimen of head gear.

No. 2.—A "Pamela" bonnet of white chip, mixed with silver, with crown of "shell" lace dotted with crystal beads. Surrounding the crown is a wreath of flowers and leaves, and inside the edge of the brim a narrow quilling of blue ribbon. Blue strings and blue flowers, with their leaves, for a face trimming.



DINNER DRESS.

This elegant dress is of lavender corded silk, and is made in the gored style—that is to say, plain in front and with large box-plaits at the back. It is trimmed entirely round and up the front with detached straps of velvet a shade darker than the silk laid in flat loops in the centre, and fastened down with pearl buckles and buttons, crossed with a bar of pearl in the centre.



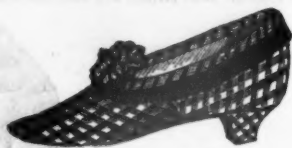
SUMMER CLOAKS.

SASH CLOAK.—This is a very decided novelty. It is made in rich black silk, ornamented with a sash, which joins the shoulder-straps at the back, and is trimmed with a narrow *passanterie* and heavy bullion fringe. Very handsome ornaments are also employed to decorate the sash ends.
EMBROIDERED CLOAK.—This is a very pretty pattern of summer basquine in black silk, embroidered in a lace pattern with jet, finished with narrow guipure lace and jet fringe. Both are from the establishment of Oppenheim Brothers, 475 Broadway.



INFANT'S BOOT.

A beautiful little boot in soft, light, leather-colored kid, stitched with white, trimmed with white silk tassels, and fastened with small white onyx buttons. Furnished by J. & J. Slater, 856 Broadway.
Plaid silk, various colors, trimmed with black thread-lace; rosette of black thread-lace and cord. From the establishment of E. A. Brooks, 575 Broadway.



FRENCH SLIPPER.



THE "FREDERICA" JACKET.

This is a sort of basque very usefully made in black silk or for the body of a travelling dress. It has a coat lapel behind, and is cut out in round tabs in front. The trimming consists of guipure lace, headed with steel or jet and "locket" buttons. It describes a scalloped cap on the upper part of the sleeve, and scallops on the lower part, which ascend upon the front.



WHITE MOHAIR DRESS AND CAPE.

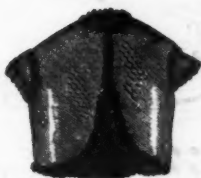


THE LITTLE "CADET" DRESS.

Dress for a little girl of ten or twelve years, of white mohair, trimmed with bands of blue silk and blue silk buttons. A pelerine cape, pointed very deeply back and front, and trimmed to match, completes the costume. Little suite of white pique, gored skirt and military jacket. It is trimmed with black braid on *tablier* and buttons. A broad black braid, headed by a narrow one, is placed round the bottom of the skirt.



THE "TERESA" SLEEVE.



"ELSIE" JACKET.

This is a very suitable sleeve for mozambique or goat's hair cloth. It is trimmed with a puffing on the top of the front, divided by bands of colored silk or ribbon, with hanging loops, and fastened down with steel or gilt buckles.

Little sleeveless jacket for a girl of from five to ten years. It may be made of silk and trimmed with ruching, or of pique and braided, or of cashmere, edged with a simple little embroidery.



SUMMER SUIT.



WALKING DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

This consists of a skirt and jacket of white pique, trimmed with flat black and blue braid, forming lozenges round the skirt, which is scalloped upon the edge, and epaulettes upon the shoulders. A broad row of black braid, headed with blue, edges the skirt, the jacket, and the bottom of the sleeves. A little white waist is worn under the jacket.

Dress of light lavender mozambique cloth, trimmed—skirt and jacket—with bright blue silk, cut out in deep scallops, and finished with blue buttons. The trimming is repeated upon the top and bottom of the sleeves.

THE MOCKING BIRD GALLOP.

COMPOSED BY E. MACK.

PIANO. *Con spirito.* *ff*

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1860, by LEE & WALKER, at the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

THE MOCKING BIRD GALLOP.

71

The musical score is written for piano and features a melody in the treble clef and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). A crescendo marking *cres.* is present in the third system. A first ending bracket labeled *8a* spans the first two systems. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the word *Fine.* in the sixth system.

p

8a

f *cres.*

Fine.



CHILDREN'S HATS.

No. 1.—THE "VICTORIA."—Hat of English straw, turned up on one side and trimmed with blue velvet, the loops fastened with a silver ornament, and surmounted by a plume of white well-curling feathers.

No. 2.—THE "TRICORNE."—A three-cornered hat of fancy Tuscan straw, ornamented with a wreath starred with daisies.

No. 3.—INFANT'S "HELMET" HAT of fine fancy Neapolitan, ornamented with pretty straw chains, a bunch of blue and white feathers, and rosettes of white blonde.

No. 4.—THE "PEARL."—A modification of the Derby, made in "pearl" straw, and trimmed with a wreath of mixed leaves and flowers. Blue bow with long ends.

No. 5.—THE "WATTEAU."—Round saucer hat of white fancy chip, ornamented with straps of green velvet, fastened with straw buttons; loops and ends of white ribbon; cluster of pink and white daisies, with crystal centres.



THE "DAISY" WAIST.

A plain high body, cut with a slight spring, which forms points at the front, back, and upon the hips. The sleeves are shaped to the arm, and have a large puff at the top, looped across with black watered ribbon, fastened with steel buckles. The body is trimmed square with band and loops of black watered ribbon to match, and the bands, with buckles at intervals, are repeated upon the edge of the waist and the lower part of the sleeves. We give a back and front view.